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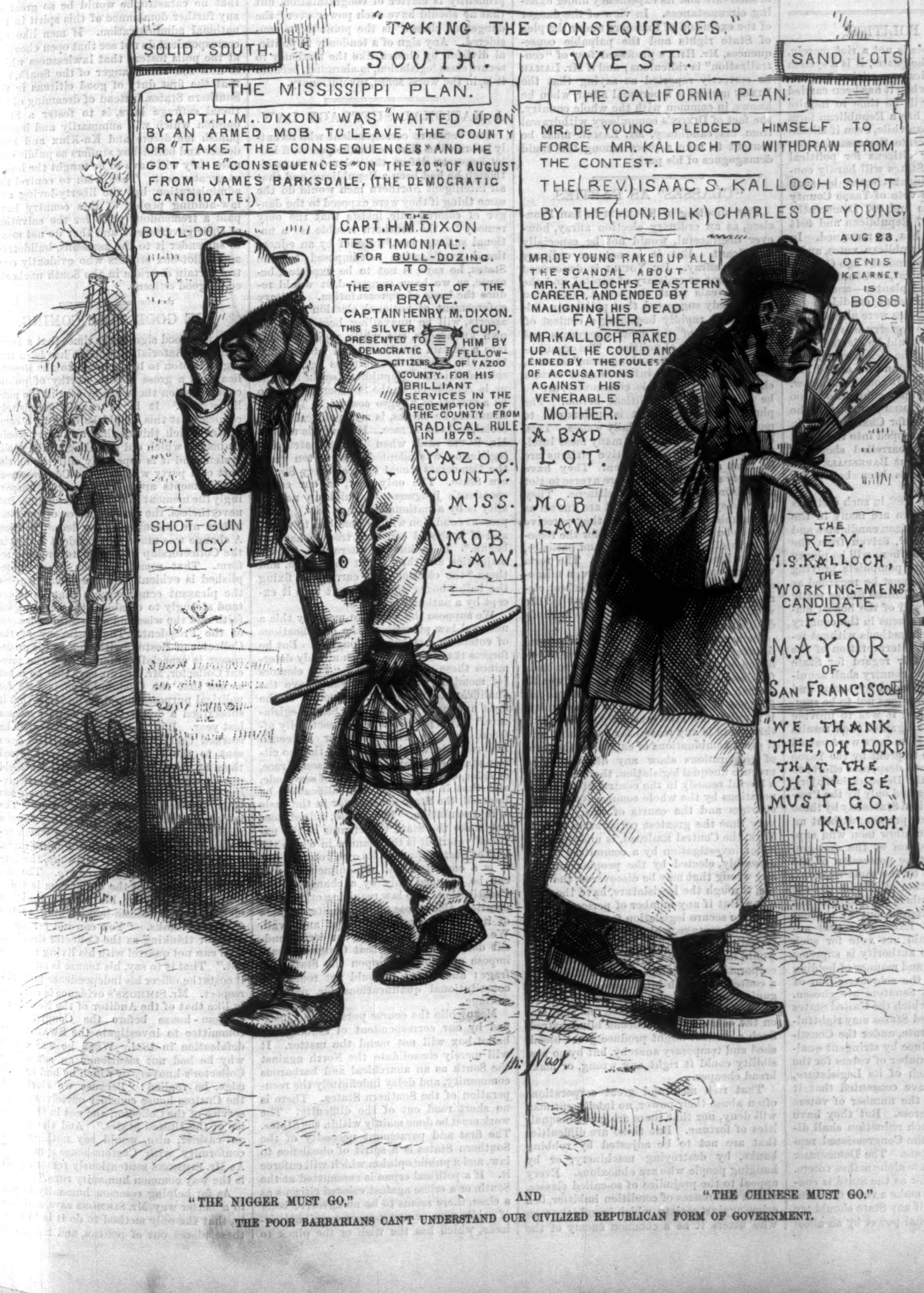
POLITICAL ASSASSINATIONS.


"TAKING THE CONSEQUENCES."
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SOUTH.
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"WE THANK THEE, OH LORD, THAT THE CHINESE MUST GO." KALLOCH.
Th. Nast

"THE NIGGER MUST GO," AND "THE CHINESE MUST GO."
THE POOR BARBARIANS CAN'T UNDERSTAND OUR CIVILIZED REPUBLICAN FORM OF GOVERNMENT.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, September 13, 1879.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a picture of a visit to the Gypsy Caves at Granada, and the beginning of a sea story, entitled* "The Sunken Rock," *by the author of "The Green Hand."*

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

YAZOO POLITICS.

The Yazoo trouble is not a riot merely, or a breach of the peace; it is a system of suppressing political opposition by murder and terror, and when it has been carried a little further, it will be time to inquire whether Mississippi has a Republican form of government. Meanwhile, even if Mississippi chooses to tolerate the assassination and outrage of her citizens for political reasons, the United States will hardly consent to see a President elected by such means. In 1871 the vote of Yazoo County was 2966 Republican and 997 Democratic. In 1875 its vote was 7 Republican and 4044 Democratic, and it has so remained. In 1876 there were 3 Republican votes, and 2 in 1877. Two or three months ago Captain H. M. Dixon—a Democrat, ex-Confederate, a prominent citizen, and planter—announced himself as an independent candidate for Sheriff. Other candidates were placed upon his ticket, and as the registry was made, it was clear that they would be elected. An order was issued from the Democratic headquarters in Yazoo City, and an armed and drunken mob compelled Dixon to withdraw. Some time afterward, upon going into Yazoo City, he was met by James Barksdale, the Democratic candidate for Chancery Clerk, who hailed him, and stepped into the street armed with a double-barrelled shot-gun. Dixon drew a pistol, but Barksdale fired and killed him, and has been bailed for $15,000.

In the same way in 1880, in such districts as Yazoo, of which there are many in the Southern States, Republican candidates and voters will be menaced, driven from the polls, and outraged, and there will be plenty of Democrats to write pamphlets proving that the vote as cast must be regarded as conclusive. Have the United States really no remedy? Is the will of the honest majority of intelligent citizens in the country to be set aside by such methods without recourse? Does a just interpretation of the Constitution and a fair regard for State rights require that the country shall acquiesce in an election decided by terror and crime? These are questions not to be summarily disposed of; and it was to provide some kind of defense against such results that the national election laws were passed which those who are to profit by the Yazoo system have made such desperate efforts to repeal, sustained by the Democratic majority in Congress, and baffled only by the President's veto. The United States say by these laws that they do not propose, without an effort at resistance, to allow men who suppress political opposition by the shot-gun and bowie-knife to take possession of the national government by the same weapons. The voters of the State of Mississippi are made voters for members of Congress not by the laws of Mississippi, but by the national Constitution. Except for that authorization, they could not vote for such officers, and the same authority is supreme as to the time, place, and manner of holding such elections, with the sole exception of the places at which Senators are chosen. The electoral power which the United States thus confer, the United States may rightfully protect. If the State, under the Constitution, chooses to reduce by stringent qualifications the total number of voters for the most numerous branch of its Legislature, the United States have consented that it shall thereby reduce the number of voters for members of Congress. But they have also provided that such reduction shall diminish the basis of the Congressional representation of the State. The Democratic position is that the State alone makes voters. That is true only so far as the State is concerned. No State can make a voter for members of Congress, and if any State should try to paralyze the national power by an absolute disqualification of voters, the United States would at once establish for it a republican form of government. Except in the way we have mentioned by which the number of voters may be reduced, elections for members of Congress are wholly national elections, and the power which confers the authority can protect its exercise. It must be remembered that a voter in New York votes for a member of Congress not by authority of the State, but of the United States, and this is true whether the number of voters be larger or smaller.

The opposition to this exercise of the national authority springs from the desire to extend the Yazoo system, and by means of it to secure control of the national government. This is a plan which must be opposed at once and resolutely by a cordial support of the Republican party. There may be Republicans who hold extreme and dangerous views of the national power. It is evident also that the national care of national elections may be abused. But nothing can be plainer than the constitutional duty of such care and its expediency under existing circumstances. In view of the danger of the exclusion of that care under the plea of State rights and the palpable consequences, Mr. Hill's professed fear of "centralization" is ridiculous; and if Mr. Lamar be correctly reported as saying that the Dixon murder is a personal affair, when he knows, in common with the whole country, the fact of Dixon's compulsory withdrawal from his candidacy, Mr. Lamar must be content to take a place among the timid demagogues of his party.

"CLASSES" AS PARTIES.

The shooting of Kalloch in San Francisco, as an ordinary election affray, however disgraceful, would not be especially significant. But it is not an ordinary election affray. De Young is denounced as an agent or emissary of capital, and the affair reveals what the new Constitution had already suggested, that politics in California are rapidly becoming a contest of classes—one of the most dangerous and anarchical forms of politics. The organization of a party of "working-men," as such, announces that the interests of a certain class, not of the whole community, are to be the object of political action. The phrase is vague, but it is understood to mean those who live by daily wages. This, however, is deceptive, for many most intelligent and truly conservative citizens are in that sense working-men. They have property and families, and are averse to riot and disorder like all good citizens. They have no sympathy with what are known as Communistic notions, and if they perceive evils to be remedied, they look for the remedy to intelligence, experience, and patience, not to ignorance and passion. The term working-men's party is, therefore, a misnomer, for there is no doubt that the best element among those who are meant by the word disown the doctrines and the methods designated by such a party name.

In a country where the laws are equal for every man, and where there is no recognition of any kind of rank, there is no basis for class distinctions. Differences of wealth in such a community are due to natural differences of cleverness and of opportunity. It is only when laws especially favor wealth that there is any reason for complaint, and if great combinations of capital in the form of corporations show any disposition to procure unequal legislation, there is always a lawful remedy in the control of such corporations by the whole community through charters and the courts of law. At this very time the greatest corporation in New York, the Central Railroad, is undergoing a strict investigation by a committee of the Assembly, elected by the people; and for any wrong that may be discovered, the people, through the Legislature, have the remedy. But if any number of persons should unite to secure legislation for their own especial advantage, which is the aim of what is called the working-men's party, they would do precisely what they denounce the corporations for doing. They would invite a contest in which intelligence, capital, organization, experience, and the courage of high civilization would be on one side, and on the other a miscellaneous blind hatred. Such a contest might produce great bloodshed and temporary anarchy, but by no possibility could it right any wrong, or make bread cheaper.

That rich men and great corporations often abuse their power, no intelligent man will deny, nor that there are great inequalities of fortune. But these are difficulties that are not to be adjusted by robbing banks, by destroying machinery, or by hanging people who are obnoxious. Every appeal to the prejudice of so-called classes, which differences of condition imbitter, is a crime against society, which brands the man who utters it as a common enemy of the community. Of course we acknowledge the duty of every citizen to correct the abuses that naturally spring from inequalities of condition, and in California the adoption of the new Constitution must be taken as evidence of a very general conviction of some injustice in the situation. It does not follow that the provisions of the new Constitution are wise and pertinent, but its adoption is a fact which deserves the most attentive consideration. If the principle of popular government be sound, it is not enough to say that a fundamental law adopted not by the city slums, but by the country farms, is absurd and dangerously Communistic. Why do such people favor such a fundamental law? That is the vital question. Is it because popular government is a failure, or because there is a profound general dissatisfaction with the existing situation? The political position of California is undoubtedly abnormal. The Kalloch affair shows how critical it is, at least in the city of San Francisco. That Kearney should use his power over the mob prudently is matter of congratulation, but that he should have such power over "the dangerous classes" is the point to be considered. Any sign of a tendency to political division by classes, like the tendency to secure class legislation, is alarming, because it is, in the worst sense, revolutionary.

A NATIONAL SUFFRAGE LAW.

The Southern correspondent who recently informed us that he had helped stuff ballot-boxes to defeat the colored voters, although he had been a Republican, and that all intelligent Northern men would do the same thing if they were exposed to the danger of colored rule, insists that the only remedy for the Southern trouble is "a national suffrage law." Relief by an educational qualification self-imposed by the States, he says, is not to be expected, because, as we have suggested, it would reduce the basis of representation. Military enforcement of national election laws, he asserts, will be unavailing, because, of his own knowledge, one white regiment sent into a certain Southern town "to a man" took the side of the white as against the colored citizens. Republicanism, he informs us, is considered in the Southern States to be a system of "negro control." The real situation, he thinks, is not political; it is social, and one of race. He reminds us that Mr. Botts said, when the reconstruction legislation was adopted, that in ten years the Democrats would control every Southern State. The only way, in our correspondent's judgment, to build up nationality is by a national suffrage law. "The present condition will go from bad to worse, and if it should continue, trouble has but begun." It is known where the colored majorities are throughout the South, and there "the elections are carried by fixing the ballot-boxes, and you can't stop it except by a national law."

We suppose the writer to mean by this a national law prescribing the qualifications of voters for members of Congress. But he forgets that the Constitution already determines these qualifications. "The electors [of members of Congress] shall have the qualifications requisite for electors of the most numerous branch of the State Legislature." This provision is not essentially affected by the Fourteenth or Fifteenth Amendments, which ordain only that no citizen shall be disfranchised by reason of race, or color, or previous condition of servitude, and that if any other disqualification be imposed, the State shall suffer in the basis of representation. This clause, indeed, does not make the State the creator of the national voter; it is the manner in which the United States appoints its own voters. But it is a constitutional appointment, and it can be changed only by a change of the Constitution. No law requiring other qualifications than those which the State exacts of its own voters would be of any avail. We assume, of course, that our correspondent does not suppose that Congress could impose qualifications upon the State suffrage; and if not, it could not touch the constitutional qualifications for national suffrage.

Meanwhile the course pursued and justified by our correspondent of stuffing the ballot-box will not mend the matter. It will merely consolidate the North against the South as an anarchical and barbarous community, and delay indefinitely the recuperation of the Southern States. There is no short road out of the difficulty. The work must be done mainly within the States. The first and paramount necessity of the Southern States is a spirit of obedience to law, and a public opinion which will enforce it. If a political crime is committed at the South, or a crime against colored citizens as a class, there seems to be no effective body of public men, or newspapers, or private citizens, which has the wish or the pluck to denounce and punish it. There are single papers, like the Vicksburg *Herald*, which speak out with manly indignation, but there is apparently no responsive public opinion. Both Northern and Southern Democrats fail to apprehend the great change of situation which has been produced within two years. While the "carpet-baggers" and "Federal bayonets" were in the Southern States, and the governments were Republican, it was easy to say, as it was said, that the anarchy and the "prostration" were due to the suppression of the whites, who were the real intelligence of the section. But now for two years, and in some quarters for a much longer time, the whites have been in supreme and unquestioned ascendency, and the chief results thus far are the ballot-stuffing in South Carolina and the Yazoo system. The consequence is that Northern opinion is naturally and strongly settling into the conviction that the Southern situation was not due to scalawags and carpet-baggers, but to a widely spread semi-barbarism, largely the result of slavery, and that no catastrophe would be so great as any further dominance of this spirit in the national administration. If men like our correspondent do not see that open cheating at the polls fosters that lawlessness which is now the chief danger of the South, and that the first duty of good citizens in the Southern States, instead of dreaming of national suffrage laws, is to foster a State opinion which will summarily and legally punish murderers and Ku-Klux and bulldozers and ballot-box stuffers as public enemies, they will have to be taught the lesson at greater cost. They wish to control the administration, but the liberty-loving and law-abiding people of this country have paid a tremendous price for the salvation of their government, and they do not mean to surrender it to the assassins, bulldozers, and ballot-box stuffers who evidently control certain districts in the South unchecked by good citizens.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

It is a good sign of the times that a Democratic Senatorial committee has been trying in Boston to bring home to the Republicans as a gross offense worthy of public condemnation the spoils system in the public service. It is, of course, exquisitely comical that this should be done by a committee which thinks that any party would be insane which did not cling to the spoils system, and it is especially edifying on the part of a party which in the Congressional appointments applied that system unsparingly the moment that it had the chance. But nevertheless, the performances of the committee are encouraging for decent politics. A change was made by President Hayes in the Collectorship of Boston to promote reform. That something has been accomplished is evident, and the committee has the pleasant consciousness that its labors tend strongly to establish the perfect good faith and the wise and successful endeavors of the President. The testimony of the Collector of Boston, with that of his predecessor, is especially interesting. The present Collector, Mr. Beard, says that he is not aware that the Custom-house is used for political purposes, nor does he know that it subscribed a dollar for campaign expenses last year. But he does know that when he learned that Gorham's circular had been sent to the clerks, he instantly informed them by circular that their positions would not be affected in any degree by their giving or not giving, and that no person has been removed for political reasons. The interest of such facts is that they show a rapidly ripening public opinion, which requires that such removals shall not be made.

The testimony of Mr. Simmons, the late Collector, was very instructive. The debasing character of the old system is strikingly illustrated by his remark that the clerks in the Custom-house think as the Collector thinks. "You can not censure a man for thinking as the Collector does. A man can not quarrel with his living at present." That is to say, his tenure is such that it costs the officer his independence and self-respect. Mr. Simmons's evidence is curiously like that of the Auditor of the New York Custom-house before the Congressional committee to investigate the Swartwout defalcation in 1834. When he was asked why he had not mentioned an act of the Collector's knavery of which he had knowledge, he replied: "Because we clerks of the Custom-house consider ourselves in the service of the Collector, and not in the service of the United States." And the assistant-cashier, also, would say nothing, "in conformity with Custom-house practice." As Mr. Simmons sententiously remarks, "It is the way common humanity runs."

As for helping common humanity to run in a better way, Mr. Simmons says, and truly, that the only method to do it is to take these places out of politics, and make the

Collector responsible as a merchant. But he is of opinion that it can never be done, because—"public sentiment is not educated up to that standard." But let the ex-Collector take heart. No good thing ever is done until the time comes. And that is the strongest argument for hastening its coming.

POLITICAL "GAG."

One of the most hackneyed forms of party "gag" is the vehement assertion upon the eve of an election that the party is sure to succeed, whoever is nominated. At the Cincinnati Convention, in 1876, Mr. Ingersoll began the speech in which he nominated Mr. Blaine by saying that if Republican Massachusetts would not give her largest majority for any one who might be the candidate of the Convention, Massachusetts Republicanism was not what he believed it to be. But it is droll doctrine that there is no difference in candidates. Principles, not men, is an excellent saying. But it is one which will often compel rejection of the candidate. When the Honorable Richard Turpin is put forward as the candidate of honesty, honest men, in the interests of honesty, will vote against him; and when the Honorable William M. Tweed is the standard-bearer of pure politics, those who desire them will defeat him if they can.

Why should a party win, however noble its professions, when it nominates unworthy candidates? A party is an agency. It can be judged only by its action. If those who manage the party select unworthy representatives, what security is there that the same managers will pursue a right policy? An organized party is a force like steam. But the engineer who turns it on, and the pilot or the driver who directs the ship or the train which it impels, are the agents who are responsible for its right use. Why hurra for the good old ship, if the officers drive it upon the breakers? Why not insist that if it be a good old ship, it must be controlled by good and capable hands?

There would be nothing more lamentable than that a party should be sure to succeed, whatever its conduct. The conditions of party success ought to be the selection of proper representatives, because it is through them only that the party is made effective. To insist that the party as such shall be alone considered, is to demand that those who sustain a party shall abdicate their manhood. It is to require that the devil shall be supported if he be regularly nominated. Properly speaking, bad nominations are always irregular, and the only way to secure good ones is to decline to support bad ones. It is by raising the cry of the party and of regular nominations that rings and machines succeed in debauching the political conscience of the country.

SCOTT AND MACAULAY.

It is not difficult to understand why Carlyle should have criticised Sir Walter Scott severely, although tenderly, and with sympathetic admiration of that tough "piece of British manhood." But it is surprising to find Macaulay, in a letter to Napier, the editor of the Edinburgh *Review*, declining to write an article upon Scott. It was in 1838, when Lockhart's *Life* was just published, and when it was felt that the greatest figure in creative English literature since Shakespeare had recently disappeared; and Macaulay wrote upon so many and so various authors, those whom he liked and those whom he disliked, that it is curious he was unwilling to write of Scott.

But he gives his reasons frankly. He says that he distrusts his skill in criticism of works of the imagination; and that, besides this, he never saw Scott, and did not have so high an opinion of his character as that which most people held, and as it would be expedient for the *Review* to express. "Hardly any writer of note has been so free from the petty jealousies and morbid irritablities of our caste. But I do not think that he kept himself equally pure from faults of a very different kind—from the faults of a man of the world. In politics a bitter and unscrupulous partisan; greedy of gain, profuse and ostentatious in expense, agitated by the hopes and fears of a gambler; perpetually sacrificing the perfections of his composition and the durability of his fame to his eagerness for money; writing with the slovenly haste of Dryden to satisfy wants which were not, like those of Dryden, caused by circumstances beyond his control, but which were produced by his own extravagant waste or rapacious speculation. This is the way in which he appears to me. I am sorry for it, for I sincerely admire the greater part of his works. But I can not think he is a high-minded man, or a man of very strict principle."

One would have thought that Macaulay might have supposed that this was the very thing which it was "expedient" to say, if he felt it so strongly. It was, in fact, very much what Carlyle did say, and his powerful article was the first real analysis, not so much of Scott's genius as of his literary significance and influence. It was the first sign of the reaction against Scott, so to speak, which is only now beginning to disappear. Perhaps Macaulay was conscious that so warm a Whig as he could not be just to so thorough a Tory as Scott. Perhaps, also, he felt instinctively that his judgment, however elaborately and skillfully expressed, would not have the kind of weight which was indispensable to such an estimate of such a man at that time. He advised that Lord Jeffrey should write the article. But the only article of that time upon that theme which has survived as a real contribution to literature is Carlyle's.

"A NOBLE WOMAN."

Some letters of Lady Byron's which have been recently published in London are interesting as throwing light upon the warmth of her affection for Lord Byron's sister, Augusta, to whom he was most tenderly attached, and to whom some of his most beautiful verses were written. The most familiar of these are the lines beginning,

"Though the day of my destiny's over,"

which he wrote just after leaving England for the last time upon his separation from Lady Byron, to whom he had written a short time previously the equally familiar lines,

"Fare thee well, and if forever,"

The letters now published dispose of the surmise that the Lady Augusta was in some way the cause of the separation. One of them was written immediately upon Lady Byron's withdrawal from Byron's house, and expresses the most affectionate regard for her as well as the most intense suffering. In one, Lady Byron says, "I have been endeavoring to write off some of my agonies, and have addressed them to B. in the inclosed, which I wish you to read attentively. God bless you and him!" She speaks of Ada, her daughter, and there is no tone of anger or even of injury toward Byron. Then she says, "It is often a great comfort to me to think that the approaching event [the formal separation] will not be felt severely....The dispositions are so anti-domestic that I hope to be remembered only as a burden....Independent of malady, I do not think of the past with any spirit of resentment, and scarcely with the sense of injury. God bless him!"

Long afterward, in 1852, Lady Byron wrote to the daughter of the Lady Augusta, alluding to some differences that had arisen, but saying, "She was throughout the object of my unvarying devotedness....I could not give up the rights of others or my own, and was in consequence forced into an apparently unfriendly position, but.... your expressions....afforded me the consolation of believing that she was at last sensible how truly I had loved her." Lady Byron begs her correspondent to spare herself the pain of making any reply. The publication of the letters is peculiarly satisfactory, because it leaves no doubt of Lady Byron's feeling for her sister-in-law. Beyond that, however, the letters are another glimpse of a noble womanly nature, of which Byron was wholly unworthy, and which he could not appreciate. In the brilliant literary history of his time there is no more truly pathetic figure than that of Lady Byron.

"DISGUSTING MANNERS."

Some recent comments of ours upon the refusal of the hotel at Manhattan Beach to receive Jewish guests has aroused the wrath of a Hebrew correspondent. He is "amazed" at our "willful stupidity" in not seeing that the objection to receiving such guests "is due, not to race and creed, but to disgusting manners, for which, I am free to admit, many of my co-religionists are offensively conspicuous." But why should our correspondent so furiously rage together? Is it more creditable to refuse to receive any Jew because of the "disgusting manners" of some Jews than to yield to a tradition like that of the dislike of Christians for Jews? What we say is that the pretense of disgusting manners is a mere subterfuge, because disgusting manners do not debar anybody if he be not a Jew.

The hotels do not announce that guests of disgusting manners can not be entertained, but that Jews will not be admitted. Is our correspondent willing to be classified as a person of disgusting manners because he is a Jew? That his manners are impetuous, his allusions to "willful stupidity" seem to suggest. But if he should seek to enter the Manhattan Beach paradise with all the elaborate and seductive courtesy of the most Grandisonian peri, he would be ruthlessly turned away from the gate, not because his manners are not perfect, but because he is a Jew.

Our indignant correspondent may be very sure that the most disgusting manners of Americans or Englishmen, or of Anglo-Saxons or Celts, or of Christian Trinitarians or Unitarians, or of infidels or any kind of gentile, would not cause all the rest to be excluded from pleasant inns. Our correspondent is excluded simply because Jews as Jews are not agreeable, not because of the disgusting manners of some other Jews. Such a prejudice we think to be monstrous, and one that should be denounced by the press, and discountenanced by all humane and honorable men and women, and we are very sorry that one of its victims should be angry at us for saying so.

ADELAIDE KEMBLE.

There should be summary justice, in the form of removal, inflicted upon the agent of the Atlantic Telegraph who was responsible for sending the telegram announcing the death of General Grant's daughter, Mrs. Sartoris. It is painful to think of the inexpressible shock which was thus carelessly given to the parents of that lady, and of all similar sorrow that may be caused by such want of accuracy. On the 6th of August Mrs. Adelaide Kemble Sartoris died, on the 8th her death was published in London, and on the 16th it was telegraphed to New York as the death of Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris. The responsible agent of the company should be held to very strict account.

The maiden name of the accomplished Mrs. Sartoris who has just died will recall to many readers the paper upon her genius and success by Mrs. Jameson, which should be read with that of Talfourd describing the first appearance of her sister, Fanny Kemble. They were "two daughters of one race," which has been famous for talent and accomplishment; and although the public career of Adelaide Kemble was very short, it was long enough to reveal the genius of her house in a new form. She was the greatest of English "lyrical artists"—a true *prima donna assoluta*, with all the rich, fiery passion of the Italian school, and "the grand manner" of Pasta herself. The public impression she produced was immediate and incisive, and those are very fortunate who heard her in her prime, during the short time that it was possible.

That was our good fortune, although with the drawback that it was at a concert, and not at the opera. It was in Rome, where she lived for many years, and at a charity concert under the auspices of the enormously rich and eccentric Lord Ward. The voice of Mrs. Sartoris was in all its splendor, and she sang "Casta diva" with a grandeur of power and effect of which the music seems hardly capable. There is nothing in Mrs. Jameson's affectionate praises which is not justified by the memory of that evening. The remarkable cleverness and literary skill of Mrs. Sartoris are shown in her sketch of *Life at a French Country House*, in which the characters are lightly drawn, but with the vivid touch of creation. She was one of an extraordinary family, of which the most illustrious remaining member used to say, with intelligible pride, and in the loftiest manner, "We belong to her Majesty's players."

PERSONAL.

Mr. Bennett, since his return from Europe, has made important changes in his office arrangements. Heretofore a portion of the building has been rented for offices. Now the whole is to be occupied by the *Herald*. The editorial rooms now in use on the second floor will be devoted to the managing editor and library, with Mr. Bennett's private room. The third floor will be occupied by the editorial department, and the fourth floor for the city department. An elevator will be run night and day, and thus the *Herald* will be the most spacious and comfortable office in the city or country.

—The late Bishop Odenheimer, of New Jersey, was up to his election as bishop an active member of the Masonic fraternity. He was made a Mason in Franklin Lodge, Philadelphia, in 1858, and was for many years its chaplain, that position having been held by a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church almost continuously from the organization of the Lodge, in 1812. It has been filled by the former rector of St. Stephen's, Rev. Dr. Ducachet; by Rev. Mr. Brown, of Trinity; by Bishop Odenheimer; and is now occupied by Rev. Dr. Foggo, of Christ Church. On the occasion of the Centennial celebration of American independence by Lodge No. 134, the bishop was invited to preach a sermon before the Lodge in Christ Church, which he did, to the great satisfaction and benefit of its members, as well as of the large audience which filled every portion of this sacred and time-honored edifice on that day.

—With the exception of Washington, who left about $800,000, none of our Presidents have been very rich men. John Adams was moderately well off. Jefferson died so poor that if Congress had not given $20,000 for his library, he would have been bankrupt. Madison was economical, and died rich. Monroe died so poor that he was buried at the expense of his relatives in this city. John Quincy Adams left about $50,000, the result of prudence. His son, Charles Francis Adams, gained a large fortune by marriage. Jackson died tolerably well off. Van Buren died worth some $300,000. It is said that during his entire administration he never drew any portion of his salary, but on leaving took the whole $100,000 in a lump. Polk left about $150,000. Tyler married a lady of wealth and accomplishments, and died rich. Taylor left about $150,000. Fillmore was always an economical man, and added to his wealth by his last marriage. Pierce saved about $50,000. Buchanan left about $200,000; Lincoln, about $75,000; Johnson, about $50,000.

—The French Academy lately awarded its prizes for "virtue." The chief prize was given to a sailor, Captain Malgre, who, since 1834, when he was seventeen years old, has saved nine lives. The second was awarded to two ladies, Virginie and Hélène Frain, the founders of an orphanage, which they have maintained on the proceeds of their own labor, and to which they have devoted the greater part of their lives.

—Secretary Sherman spoke recently to 10,000 people on the college grounds at Waterville, Maine. While he was speaking Senator Blaine was moving around among the crowd, sitting under the trees with the farmers, and lounging in their wagons with them. One of his more intimate friends brought up a bashful farmer. "Senator," said he, "I want to make you acquainted with Mr. Fergeson, of such and such a township." "Why!" exclaimed Blaine, jumping up and grasping the farmer by the hand, "I don't need to be introduced to Mr. Fergeson, unless he has forgotten me. The last time I saw you," he continued, squinting his eyes up at the farmer in a way that is peculiar to him, "you drove me with your team across from Albion to Waterville, and a mighty good team you had. Did you ever break that off horse of jumping? Let's see, that was in 1869. I'll never forget that ride. How are Mrs. Fergeson and the girls? Did that boy of yours ever make out anything with his patent?" And that is the way he "gets them," down in Maine.

—First in the "Table Talk" of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August (the oldest magazine published in Great Britain) is a pleasant article, occupying a page, on Mr. William Winter's *Trip to England*. The article is doubtless from the pen of the editor of the magazine as well as its publisher, Mr. Chatto. Mr. Winter's book is one of the most entertaining that has appeared on England this many a day. "England," he declares, "is a country which to see is to love." And Mr. Chatto adds: "Not only is the grass greener than in America, the very roses are redder. Everything, in his experience, seems to have been enchantment. London is a dream of delight, and the flowering meadow-lands, the green lanes, and, best of all, the people, are approved with passionate eulogy," etc., etc.

—Gilbert, the dramatist, is reputed to have said, "The sun never goes down on the Queen's dominions, because Heaven is afraid to trust an Englishman in the dark."

—General Sherman's grim humor was illustrated the other day, when he was quoted as having said that the only war he would like to undertake would be one against the Mexicans, to make them take back New Mexico and Arizona.

—Mr. Smith, First Lord of the Admiralty of England, says that "at no period since the introduction of iron-clads—those vast instruments of warfare—has the navy of Great Britain been in so complete and weighty a condition as at the present moment."

—M. Ferdinand de Lesseps has always been fortunate in possessing the friendship of persons of position. With the late Napoleon III. and his family he had especially delightful relations. With the radical party he is very popular, and the other day he received from Rome this dispatch: "The Pope blesses you, and instructs me to convey to you his wishes for the success of the interoceanic canal." Which is very kind. All the same the citizen of the U. S. will not subscribe sequins for that much-desiderated undertaking, simply because a proper per cent. return on the investment is not only not clear, but positively foggy.

—The mutations of fortune which are experienced by many who have been conspicuous in public affairs has a fresh illustration in the case of Mr. George W. Jones, who, at the age of eighty, is forced by impecuniosity to seek the nomination for Sheriff of Dubuque County, Iowa. After receiving a collegiate education, Mr. Jones was, in 1826, appointed Clerk of the United States Court in Missouri, was aide-de-camp to General Dodge in the Black Hawk war, member of Congress from Wisconsin from 1835 to 1837, Surveyor-General of the Northwest Territory during the administrations of Van Buren and Polk, United States Senator from Iowa from 1848 to 1859, and then for two years United States minister to Colombia. On returning to this country he was imprisoned for a time in Fort Warren on a charge of disloyalty. Now he turns up for the shrievalty of Dubuque.

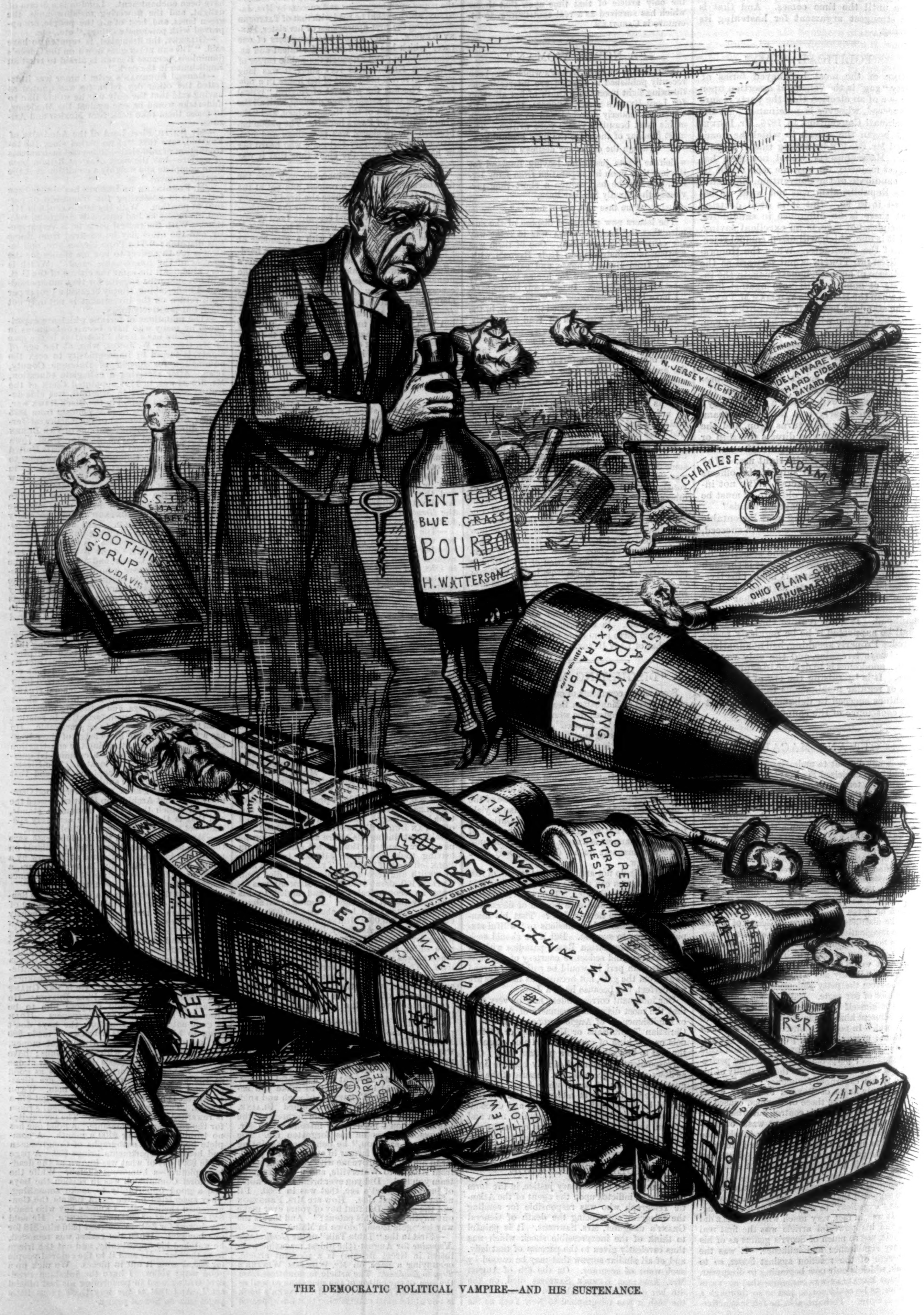
—Among the young gentlemen of London none is more popular or has a more enviable position than Mr. Montagu Corry, secretary of Lord Beaconsfield. They are always together, Lord B. seldom dining out without him, and he always accompanies his chief on his visits to Osborne. Mr. Corry is son of the late Right Hon. H. L. Corry, and first cousin of the Irish Earl of Belmore, who married Mr. Gladstone's niece. His mother was sister of the Whig Earl of Shaftesbury. The Corry family are red-hot Irish Protestants. Mr. Corry has considerable private means, enabling him to refuse the good places his patron has offered him.

—Admiral Ammen, of the United States navy, writes that he feels warranted in asserting that General Grant will consent to take the presidency of an American company to construct an interoceanic canal *viâ* Nicaragua, and that on the 7th of August a telegram was received from him to that effect. Since 1866 General Grant has taken a special interest in bringing about the necessary surveys, and satisfying himself as to the sufficiency of our information in relation to all the routes supposed to be practicable. He has a full and minute knowledge of the advantages and difficulties attending the construction of the canal, considered as a commercial question, wherever it may be located. The Nicaraguan government and people understand that he is with them on the subject.

—Comptroller Perry, of the Greenwood Cemetery, says that Archbishop Hughes blessed the spot on which the Canda monument stands, and that is the only part of the cemetery specially set apart in the Roman Catholic sense.

—Mr. Labouchere, of the London *Truth*, says that the most extraordinary feat at billiards on record has just been performed at Moscow by a young Japanese, who won, in twelve hours, a game of 5000, in the course of which he once scored 1800 caramboles in succession.

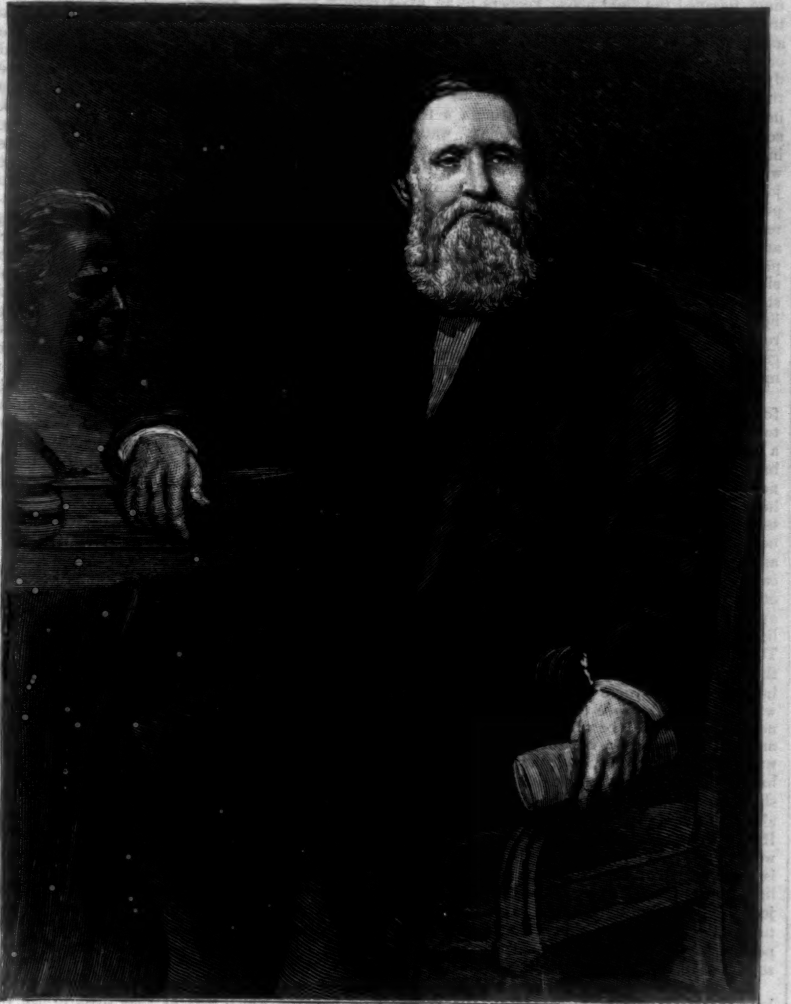
—One of the pages in the United States Senate gives in crisp style his opinion of some of the members of that body, who are courteously alluded to as statesmen. Of Senator Thurman he says, "He is a good man. He whirls a big bandana, and blows his nose on schedule. He is the snuff Senator. There is only one thing he likes better than Ramsey's jokes, and that is casino. Senator Bayard is a very fine gentleman, and is good to the pages. His weakness is good goers on the road. He is like Grant and Bonner. Everybody likes Blaine. He is just what you would suppose him to be from the reports of the newspapers. Hoar is good-natured, but somehow the boys don't hang to him. Jones is a brick. I made $80 on one of his speeches. Always got money, and trusts the boys with his errands; have known pages to have $6000 of his money at one time. Ransom, of North Carolina, is as good as the best. Gordon and Lamar are pleasant, and Ben Hill is not a bad man. Wade Hampton is a fine fellow. The pages get $75 a month. The boy that gets the President's room is rewarded with $1400 a year. The perquisites for the pages are considerable. A good one has no trouble in making $100 a month. A complete book of the autographs of Congressmen and heads of departments brings $50. A page made $300 out of what was known as the deadlock picture—a humorous sketch. While the Electoral Commission was in session the boys had a good opportunity to make something. They speculated on the extra tickets the Congressmen shelled out. I knew a boy who made $80 off the bier of Charles Sumner. He sold the flowers for $20. Wormley paid him $10 for one bouquet. When the casket was removed, he watched his opportunity, and cut the fringe from the bier. He sold it to the colored people for $60, dealing it out in pieces. We pick up a good many relics. I have the inkstand President Grant used in performing his last official act." And that is the way these pious little pages turn an honest penny.


SOOTHING SYRUP
J. DAVIS
S. S. COX
SMALL BEER
KENTUCKY BLUE GRASS BOURBON
H. WATTERSON
N. JERSEY LIGHTNING
KERNAN
DELAWARE HARD CIDER
BAYARD
CHARLES F. ADAMS
OHIO PLAIN SODA
THURMAN
SPARKLING DORSHEIMER
EXTRA DRY
FRAUD
TILDEN
W. TOX
MOSES
REFORM
COL. W. T. DENMARK
J. F. E. COYLE
WEED
J. KELLY
COOPER'S EXTRA ADHESIVE
TWEED
MARBLE
R R
STEPHEN
Th. Nast

THE DEMOCRATIC POLITICAL VAMPIRE—AND HIS SUSTENANCE.

THE DISCOVERER OF ANÆSTHESIA.

THERE have been four claimants for the honor of the discovery of anæsthesia, all of them Americans, namely, CRAWFORD W. LONG, of Athens, Georgia; HORACE WELLS, of Hartford, Connecticut; W. T. G. MORTON and CHARLES T. JACKSON, of Boston, Massachusetts. For a time the controversy over their respective claims was hot and acrimonious; but it seems to be settled beyond a doubt that the first surgical operation in which ether was used was performed by Dr. LONG, nearly three years before the employment of ether by any other person. The earliest suggestion of anæsthesia was made in 1800 by Sir HUMPHRY DAVY, who was accustomed to inhale nitrous oxide gas for headache and other painful affections, and finding relief for the time, he suggested its use as an anæsthetic in surgery. The hint was not acted on, and it remained for Dr. LONG, more than forty years afterward, to make the discovery for himself, and to apply it for the first time in surgical practice.



THE LATE DR. CRAWFORD W. LONG.—FROM THE PAINTING BY F. B. CARPENTER.

The circumstances attending this great discovery are related by Dr. J. MARION SIMS in a recent pamphlet. In 1842 Dr. CRAWFORD W. LONG was a practicing physician in Jefferson, Jackson County, Georgia. He had in his office four young pupils. Teacher and students were on the best of terms with each other. He entered into all their sports with hearty good-will, while never neglecting the duties of his position. "On one occasion," says Dr. SIMS, "they were talking about the inhalation of nitrous oxide gas, when one of his pupils asked him to make some for them. He said he did not have suitable apparatus for it, but that the inhalation of sulphuric ether would produce precisely the same exhilarating effect. One of the young men present said he had inhaled ether while at school, and was willing to do it again. They were all anxious to witness its effects. Dr. LONG got some ether immediately, and gave it to the young man who had previously inhaled it. He then inhaled it himself, and afterward gave it to all present. After this the young doctor and his pupils indulged occasionally in ether frolics. On several occasions Dr. LONG became furiously excited, and could not be controlled. On recovering from the ether intoxication he frequently noticed that his arms and hands were badly bruised, and yet he was not conscious of having felt any pain at the time he was under the influence of the ether. He also noticed the same thing in his pupils. They were often badly hurt by falls and blows, and were not conscious of pain at the time. These facts, repeatedly observed, suggested to his mind the idea of using ether to prevent the pain of surgical operations. He frequently spoke of this to his students, and at last he determined to give it a trial."

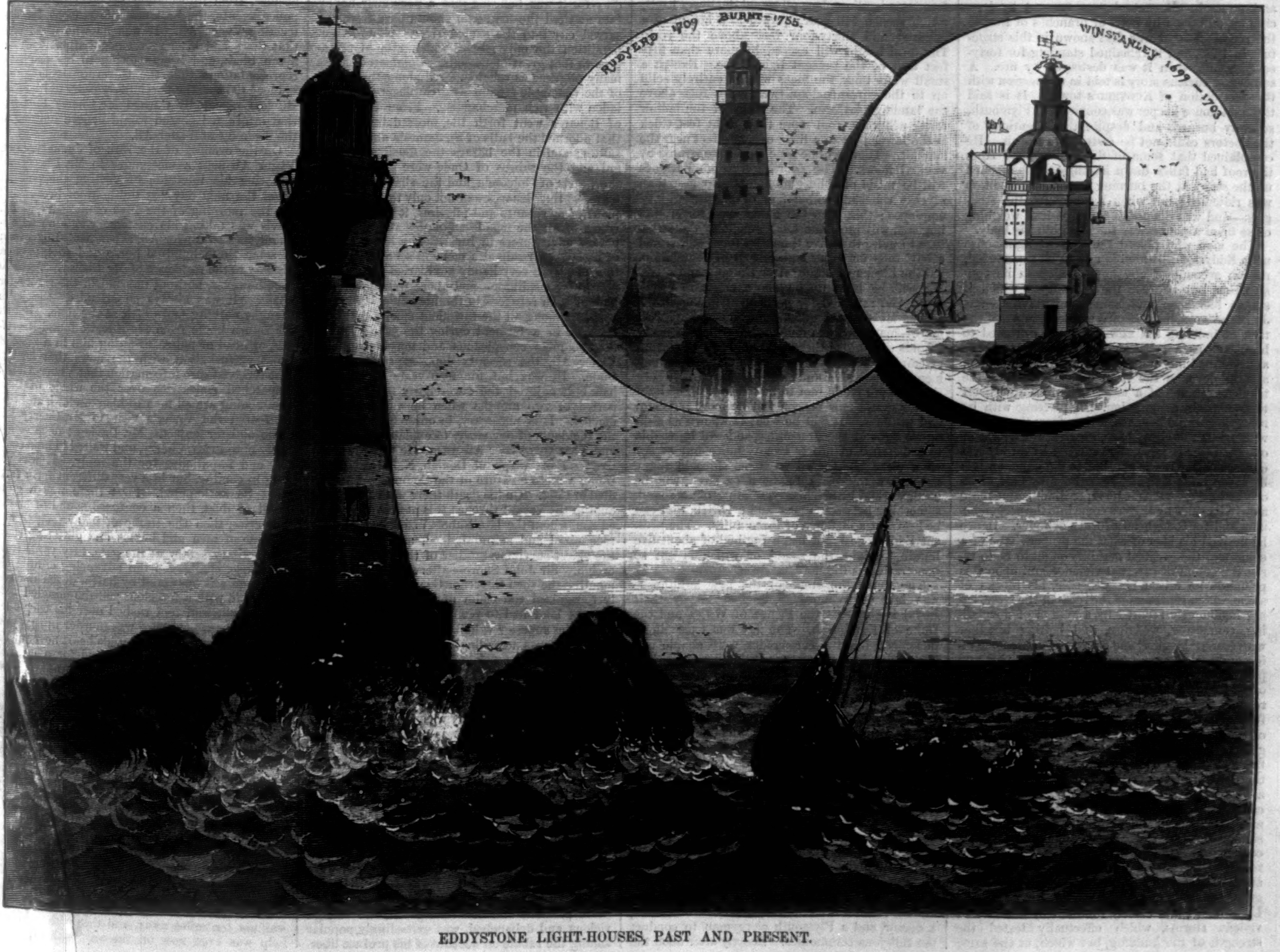
The opportunity occurred in March, 1842. The account of the operation is given in Dr. LONG's own words: "The first patient to whom I administered ether in a surgical operation was Mr. JAMES M. VENABLE, who then resided within two miles of Jefferson. Mr. VENABLE consulted me on several occasions with regard to the propriety of removing two small tumors situated on the back part of his neck, but would postpone from time to time having the operations performed, from dread of pain. At length I mentioned to him the fact of my receiving bruises while under the influence of the vapor of ether, without suffering, and as I knew him to be fond of and accustomed to inhale ether, I suggested to him the probability that the operations might be performed without pain, and proposed operating on him while under its influence. He consented to have one tumor removed, and the operation was performed the same day. The ether was given to Mr. VENABLE on a towel, and, when fully under its influence, I extirpated the tumor. It was encysted, and about half an inch in diameter. The patient continued to inhale ether during the time of the operation, and when informed it was over, seemed incredulous, till the tumor was shown him. He gave no evidence of suffering during the operation, and assured me, after it was over, that he did not experience the slightest degree of pain from its performance."

After this, Dr. LONG performed other surgical operations with the aid of ether with complete success. Living in an obscure town, the knowledge of his discovery made no noise, although he made no secret of it; and it was not until rival claimants petitioned Congress for a pecuniary recognition that his claims were made public and established.

The name and services of Dr. LONG, who died several years ago, have recently been made prominent again by a graceful act on the part of the Legislature of Georgia. It having been proposed that each State in the Union should designate the names of two persons whose memories are to be perpetuated by likenesses in statuary in the Art Gallery established in Washington city, it was decided that Georgia should be represented by Dr. LONG, and JAMES OGLETHORPE, the founder of that Commonwealth. The only material for the bust of Dr. LONG was in the possession of Mr. F. B. CARPENTER, who had painted a full-length portrait of the doctor, from which our engraving is made. This painting was purchased from the artist by Mr. H. L. STUART, of this city, and by him presented to Georgia. The formal presentation was made a short time ago, by the wish of the donor, to the Georgia University, but the painting is to remain in the State Capitol. The commission for the busts of Dr. LONG and of JAMES OGLETHORPE has been given, we understand, to the well-known sculptor Mr. W. R. O'DONOVAN.

EDDYSTONE LIGHT-HOUSES.

THREE light-houses, as shown in our engraving upon this page, have stood upon the famous Eddystone Rocks. Situated off the English coast, fourteen miles from the port of Plymouth, and nine and a half miles from the point of land called Ram Head, they have lain in wait for their prey ever since men first went down to the sea in ships. Hundreds of vessels laden with rich merchandise have in ancient times been lost on these rocks. The Phœnician navigators who carried cargoes of tin and silver from the Cornish coast to their *entrepôt* at Vectis—the Isle of Wight—must have known and dreaded this terrible reef, yet there is no record of beacon fires ever having been lighted here as a warning to mariners. The conformation of the rocks renders



EDDYSTONE LIGHT-HOUSES, PAST AND PRESENT.

them particularly perilous, for the shape of the reef increases the swell of the sea to a frightful extent, and often sends the waves to a height of thirty or forty feet. The whole range of the reef is covered by the tide at high water, and thus when light-houses are built the work must be carried on between the tides.

The first attempt to fix a light-house upon Eddystone Rocks was made toward the close of the seventeenth century by a Mr. Winstanley, a private gentleman with an ingenious turn for mechanics. Winstanley seems to have been a sort of English Vaucanson, who tortured his friends with mechanical practical jokes, such as an arm-chair which clasped its occupant with a pair of invisible arms, or an arbor in his garden which floated unawares into the middle of a canal. He built two towers of wood on the Eddystone, the second polygonal in shape and 100 feet high, with a stone base, solidly fixed into the rock with iron stanchions. Winstanley's tower, which was certainly not wanting in elegance and just proportion, has often been compared to a Chinese pagoda, but its model seems rather to have been the graceful towers with which Wren adorned the city churches. He had evidently, however, not sufficiently calculated the force of the waves in a storm at the Eddystone, and though he produced an elegant structure, he took no pains to adapt it to the situation it was to occupy. He knew and declared that the sea often flies to a height of 200 feet above the rock, but he nevertheless surrounded his tower with all kinds of projections on which the water could act with overwhelming force, and he actually gave it a spacious open gallery, through which it was said that a six-oared boat could be washed by the sea and carried without injury to the other side. Nevertheless, Winstanley had full confidence in his tower, and often expressed a wish that he might be in it "during the greatest storm that ever blew under the face of the heavens." His wish was fulfilled to the letter, for he was in the light-house during the great historical storm of November, 1703. This was the storm referred to by Addison in his poem on Marlborough's campaign—

> "Such as of late o'er pale Britannia passed"—

and described by Macaulay as having ravaged England with the force of a West Indian hurricane. In this storm the light-house was destroyed, and Winstanley perished with it.

When it was known that the Eddystone Tower had fallen, the superstitious inhabitants of Devonshire and Cornwall ascribed its destruction to supernatural agency. There was said to be a curse on the Eddystone Rocks, and that no human enterprise would ever prosper there. The fate of the second light-house seemed to bear out these sinister prognostications. In 1705 John Rudyerd began to build another tower of timber. It was simply but ingeniously constructed, ninety-two feet in height, and with a diameter at the base of twenty-three feet, the foundation being of oak and stone in alternate layers, secured by iron cramps, and fixed by bolts or branches of iron to the rock. A light was first shown in this structure in 1708, and it remained standing for forty-seven years, when it was destroyed by fire. A somewhat curious story is told in connection with the destruction of Rudyerd's tower. It is said the light-house keeper was conveyed to Plymouth, severely burned, and despite the attentions of the doctors could not be restored to health. He complained that some of the molten lead from the roof had fallen down his throat as he looked up the stairs at the burning tower. This notion was ridiculed; but when he died—so the story goes—and was opened, a lump of lead weighing close upon a pound was found within his body.

The man who placed the present light-house upon Eddystone—which is now to be superseded, not on account of any imperfection in its construction, but because the rock upon which it stands has been undermined by the sea—was John Smeaton, little known at the time when the task of building the new light was intrusted to him, save as a mathematical instrument maker and a skilled mechanic. In carrying out his plan, and in devising the form of the structure, the trunk or "bole" of a large oak presented itself to Smeaton's imagination. Connecting with its roots the ground beneath, it rises from the surface with a large swelling base, which at the height of one diameter is generally replaced by an elegant curve, concave to the eye, but to the diameter less by about one-third, and sometimes by half, of its original base. Thence, its taper diminishing more slowly, its sides by degrees come into the perpendicular, and for some height form a cylinder. Hence he derived his idea of what the proper shape of a column of the greatest stability ought to be to resist the action of external violence, and upon this principle he raised his structure, his blocks of stone, which represented the roots of the trees, being ingeniously secured by a system of dovetailing, cementing, wedging, and bolting together with stone "joggles" and oaken treenails, connecting and making the foundations almost part and parcel of the natural rock, the sloping surface of which had been cut into steps or terraces to receive the foundation-stones. But when these fundamental works had been brought to the level of the rock, Smeaton, finding that he had no longer the means of securing the superstructure to the foundations, devised the expedient of bolting the courses of stones together by cutting a hole a foot square through the central block of each course, and fitting into it a plug of strong hard marble, which should be long enough to enter a similar hole in the central stone of the next course. These he called "plug-foggles." Smeaton began his work on the 12th of June, 1757, and the last stone was laid on the 24th of August, 1759. The completion of the Eddystone Light-house was closely followed by a series of violent storms, which effectually tested the strength of the building, but which, at the same time, terrified the light-house keepers in an extreme degree. The old stories about the "curse," and a wild legend of a particular water demon, or "bogle," which was supposed to haunt the Eddystone rocks, were revived. Smeaton himself thoroughly believed in the durability of his building, and constantly surveyed it through a telescope from his residence at Plymouth, watching with pleasure and interest "the overgrown waves striking the rock and the building conjointly, and flying up in a white column, enwrapping the light-house like a sheet, and totally intercepting it from sight." In process of time, and after the occurrence of many violent tempests, in which the building did not suffer the slightest injury, the sea-worthiness of the Eddystone was recognized as indubitable, and the light-keepers became attached to the spot, and reluctant to leave it, declaring that in a heavy gale the light-house was a much safer place than many parts of the neighboring shore.

It is no discredit to Smeaton that it has been found necessary to build a new light-house. His tower is almost as sound as when it was finished a hundred and twenty years ago, and if its rocky base were as firm, there is no reason why it should not stand for centuries to come. Unfortunately, however, the base has given way to such an extent that there is reason to fear that the continued action of the waves perpetually rushing to and fro, at times with the utmost violence, and carrying with them shingle, stones, sand, and other materials whose impact gradually wears away the hardest rock, may finally endanger the light-house by rendering its foundation insecure. This source of danger was discerned, soon after the light-house was built, by Smeaton himself; he reported that there was a cavern in the rock which formed the base of the tower, and that, if necessary, it could be filled up by properly cemented masonry at a cost of £250. The work was never undertaken, and the rock has since had to sustain the buffets of the waves, and their shock on a tower so firmly rooted to it that it almost forms a portion of its own structure. Hence the result which Smeaton foresaw, and would have provided against. The House Rock is pronounced to be no longer secure, and the light-house placed upon it is consequently in jeopardy. Accordingly it has been determined to build an entirely new light-house on another portion of the reef, about a hundred feet to the southeast of the present structure.

All the light-houses of England and Wales belong to, or are under the control of, the Trinity Board. Mr. Douglass is the engineer of the board, and upon him devolves the duty of ascertaining the stability of the existing light-houses, and of preparing the designs and plans for new ones when required. Mr. Douglass intends to adopt Smeaton's tower as a model, but his structure will be much larger in all its dimensions. The solid base will be cylindrical, forty-four feet in diameter by twenty-two in height. On the summit of this will be a ledge five feet wide, forming a landing-place all round the tower itself, which thence will soar upward to a height of a hundred and thirty-four feet above the rock. The total height will exceed by more than fifty feet that of the present light-house. Except a small water-tank, the mass will be entirely solid up to the entrance-door, twenty-two feet above the landing platform. The walls of the hollow tower will vary from more than eight feet thick at the lower part to a little over two feet near the summit. There will be nine stories, separated by vaulted floors. The doors and window-frames will be made of solid gun-metal. No less than seventy thousand cubic feet of granite will be employed; this, with the metal used for cramping, etc., will raise the total weight of the structure to more than five thousand tons—three and a half tons on every square foot of foundation. All the blocks of stone, after shaping and dressing, will be built up on shore, taken to pieces again, and removed for permanent fitting on the rock. Most of the great light-houses have cost more—many of them much more—than as many pounds sterling as there are cubic feet of masonry employed, and hence several engineers of eminence believe Mr. Douglass's estimate of twenty shillings per cubic foot to be too low. The light of this grand new beacon will be most powerful and brilliant. It will be what is known as a dioptric light of the first order, and will be visible to a distance of nearly twenty miles out at sea on a clear night. To warn off ships in foggy weather, a first-class fog-horn, or siren, will be used, worked by machinery, sending out a sound, something between a roar and a shriek, that can be heard at a distance of three miles. The present Eddystone Light has a fog-bell of about five hundred-weight, the sound of which is not so penetrative as the horn, or siren.

The foundation-stone of the new light-house was laid on Wednesday, August 20, by their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh. The day was exceedingly inclement, but the ceremonies were simple and impressive in spite of the continuous rain. The scene was witnessed by thousands, who gathered near the spot in craft of all descriptions. From the telegraphic correspondence of a contemporary we quote the following account: "About twenty steamers were present, including six gun-boats detailed to carry official personages, and a large fleet of Trinity House and Plymouth yachts. The *Hercules*, a veritable floating workshop, arrived early, conveying Douglass, the architect of the new tower; Samuel Smiles, the author of a life of Smeaton, the builder of the existing tower; Dixon, the engineer who was intrusted with the task of bringing Cleopatra's Needle to England; and Edmunds, the engineer in charge. In the *Galatea*, Trinity yacht, were Mr. W. H. Smith, the First Lord of the Admiralty, Sir Richard Collingson, Admiral Farquhar, government officials, a doctor, and a Plymouth clergyman to conduct the religious ceremonies. Shortly after noon the princes arrived. The crews of the gun-boats and the people on board of the steamers and yachts cheered lustily, and the picturesque crews of the Plymouth life-boats tossed oars as they passed through the fleet. The Prince of Wales wore the uniform of a captain of Naval Reserves, the Duke of Edinburgh that of an admiral. On the rock stood some twenty persons, mostly naval men. Douglass, a red-faced, full-bearded, sailor-like man, briefly explained the manner in which the blocks had been fixed on the solid rock. Then the princes, rolling up the bottom of their trousers, jumped on to the reef, Edinburgh holding the silver trowel in his hands. The Rev. Mr. Wilkinson read the Lord's Prayer in a solemn manner, all present uncovering. Singularly impressive was the scene as witnessed from the old light-house—the old silver-haired sailors standing bareheaded on the lonely reef in the sea, the white-hooded waves dashing and foaming around their feet, the spray shooting above and over them. After the prayer the Duke of Edinburgh struck the stone, saying, 'I declare this stone well and truly laid.' The ceremonies were over in ten minutes. The princes subsequently visited the old light-house, and then the fleet of steamers and yachts sailed back to Plymouth."

THE STORY OF A SPEAR.

An Oriental-looking weapon decidedly; indeed, any one familiar with antique Eastern arms will recognize it at once as one of the pikes formerly carried by running footmen in India. It is of iron, plated with silver, in rings, to give a firmer grasp. It is rather more than six feet in length, and has a triangular blade more than twenty inches long, with sharp edges. A formidable weapon, unquestionably, in skillful and resolute hands. Among a host of other Oriental curiosities in a certain west-country English mansion it occupies a conspicuous place of honor. It is regarded, indeed, with a singular veneration—as well it may be; for on the 14th of January, eighty years ago, there was done with that spear a deed of prowess which stands unique even in the long and brilliant record of British valor—a deed which proves, if proof were needed, that the civilian can in emergency play the hero as effectively and successfully as the trained soldier. The story of that spear we purpose telling here.

The scene of the story is laid in the holy city of Benares, which was at that time, to use the words of Macaulay, "in wealth, population, dignity, and sanctity, among the foremost of Asia. It was commonly believed that half a million of human beings were crowded into that labyrinth of lofty alleys, rich with shrines and minarets and balconies and carved oriels, to which the sacred apes clung by hundreds. The traveller could scarce make his way through the press of holy mendicants and not less holy bulls....Hundreds of devotees came thither every month to die; for it was believed that a peculiarly happy fate awaited the man who should pass from the sacred city into the sacred river. Nor was superstition the only motive which allured strangers to that great metropolis. Commerce had as many pilgrims as religion. All along the shores of the venerable stream lay great fleets of vessels laden with rich merchandise. From the looms of Benares went forth the most delicate silks that adorned the balls of St. James's and of Versailles; and in the bazars the muslins of Bengal and the sabres of Oude were mingled with the jewels of Golconda and the shawls of Cashmere." But Benares was not only the gathering-place of merchants and pilgrims, it was also the resort of all the maddest fanatics and most desperate adventurers in India. The hardy rabble of its streets, ready at a moment's notice to rush to arms, were very handy auxiliaries to any bold political conspirator—and there was never any lack of such refugees in the holy city.

Now, among all the turbulent spirits that kept Benares in a ferment during the year 1798, by far the most conspicuous and mischievous was Vizier Ali, the recently deposed sovereign of Oude. He was but nineteen years of age, and had only enjoyed the sovereignty for the brief period of two months when he was summarily ejected. It is necessary, in order to understand the incidents of our story, to explain briefly who and what this Vizier Ali was. He was the putative son of Asaph ul Doulah, Nabob-Vizier of Oude, a mere creature of the Company, who had died in 1797. On his death there were two claimants to the vacant throne: this putative or adopted son, whom the late Nabob-Vizier had publicly recognized and acknowledged, and Saadut Ali, the eldest surviving brother of the deceased sovereign. Sir John Shore—afterward Lord Teignmouth—the then Governor-General, at first rashly recognized the claim of Vizier Ali, but two months later had to revoke his recognition, and admit the superior validity of Saadut Ali's claim. The latter was accordingly brought from Benares to Lucknow, and proclaimed Nabob-Vizier of Oude on the 21st January, 1798; whilst Vizier Ali, to console him for his disappointment, was granted a pension of fifteen thousand a year and a palace at Benares. So leniently was the young prince treated that no attempt was made to control or restrain his movements. He was permitted to keep regal state, and surround himself with a large retinue of armed adherents—to maintain, in short, all the external appearance of an independent sovereign.

The folly and imprudence of allowing Vizier Ali to live in this style in such a city as Benares, within the confines of the very state of which he believed himself to be the rightful ruler, were presently to become fatally apparent. He was a bold, ambitious, unscrupulous young man, of fierce passions and headstrong will, and though vicious and debauched, was exceedingly popular among the rabble on account of his profuse liberality. Indeed, he was in the act of plotting the overthrow of British power in Oude, when one of his secret envoys, intrusted with treasonable dispatches to Zemaun Shah, was seized by the Company's police. The detection of his intrigues was quickly followed by an order from the Governor-General for his removal to Calcutta. He was to be allowed to retain his income and his state; but it was felt that the only way to neutralize his mischievous propensities was to keep him under the strict surveillance of the British authorities, and isolated from his fellow-conspirators. It remained now to announce to Vizier Ali this order, which must be a death-blow to all his ambition. And at this point it becomes necessary to introduce the two important characters who figure most prominently in the story of the spear.

At a short distance out of the city of Benares there is a pleasant suburb called Secrole, which the European residents—the majority of them English—had chosen as their quarters. Their houses, which stood usually in the centre of considerable grounds, were built after the English style, with such modifications as the difference of climate necessitated. There was seldom more than one story above the ground-floor. The flat roof, however, afforded space for an extensive terrace, surrounded with a parapet, and approached by a simple narrow winding staircase, from the top of which a trap-door gave access to the roof. It is requisite that these details of construction should be borne in mind in order to understand the main incident of the story. In this suburb, within a quarter of a mile of one another, lived at the time of this narrative the two chief civil authorities of the Company at Benares—Mr. Cherry, the political agent of the Governor-General, and Mr. Samuel Davis, judge and magistrate of the district and city court. Mr. Cherry, from the nature of his duties, was necessarily brought sometimes into personal contact with Vizier Ali, but with this exception, the haughty young prince held no communication whatever with Europeans. Upon Mr. Cherry devolved the necessity of announcing to Vizier Ali the order of the Governor-General directing his immediate removal from Benares to Calcutta. The political agent was unfortunately a good-tempered, easy-going man of a singularly unsuspicious nature. From the very first he had been completely hoodwinked by the wily young Vizier Ali, in whose honesty and good faith he implicitly believed. When, therefore, the first ebullition of rage at the announcement of the Governor-General's order was succeeded by humble submission and a declaration of the Vizier's readiness to leave Benares as soon as his travelling arrangements could be completed, poor unsuspecting Mr. Cherry took it for granted that there would be no further trouble about carrying the order into execution.

Mr. Davis, on the other hand, was a man of sagacity and penetration, who knew the treacherous nature of Orientals too well to be duped by professions of friendship and loyalty, and who had, besides, from information supplied through his police agents, the best possible reasons for distrusting Vizier Ali. It was he who discovered that there had been secret negotiations with Zemaun Shah, and it was owing to his emphatic representations that the Governor-General was induced to issue the peremptory order of removal. He had repeatedly warned Mr. Cherry too; but that infatuated person would believe nothing to the discredit of Vizier Ali.

On the evening of the 13th of January, 1799, Vizier Ali sent a messenger to Mr. Cherry announcing his intention of visiting the political agent the next day "at the hour of breakfast." On the morning of the 14th of January, as Mr. Davis was taking his customary ride on an elephant, he saw Vizier Ali, accompanied by a train of some three hundred horse and foot, pass on his way to the residence of Mr. Cherry. As there was, however, nothing unusual in the sight—for Vizier Ali was always so attended—the judge thought nothing more of it at the time. But on his return home from his ride, he found his *cutwal*, or head of police, awaiting him in a state of great perturbation, with the news that he had just received sure information that Vizier Ali had dispatched emissaries over the whole of Oude summoning armed men to his standard, and that he feared the Vizier's visit to Mr. Cherry had some sinister object. Mr. Davis at once sent a hasty note to Mr. Cherry, and waited in much anxiety and impatience for the reply. It was not long in coming, but in a very different form from what he anticipated. First there was a great cloud of dust, then a confused sound of shouts and cries, then the tramp of many feet, then a glimpse of men and horses and glittering steel. The solitary sentry at the gate, fifty yards from the house, challenged the advancing crowd; his challenge was answered by half a dozen musket-shots, and with a ferocious yell the mingled medley of horse and foot rushed over his corpse toward the house. There was murder in that yell, and the judge knew it; but his heart never quailed, nor did his presence of mind for a moment forsake him. He ran to his wife's apartments, bade her flee like lightning with her two children and her female servants up the winding staircase and through a trap-door to the roof; then dashed back for his fire-arms, but only to find the room in which they were, filled with the fierce followers of Vizier Ali. Remembering that there was a spear in one of the rooms above—think of the cool-headedness of the man, so unflustered by the danger that he could remember this!—he had just time to snatch the weapon from the wall and gain the trap-door when he heard the quick tramp of his pursuers close upon his heels. Turning to the terrified women and children, he bade them lie down flat in the centre of the roof, so that no stray bullets might reach them, told them to remember that General Erskine's camp was not ten miles away, and that without doubt help was even now on the way to them; then, spear in hand, and kneeling on one knee, he took up his post at the trap-door, resolved to hold that coign of vantage so long as life and strength were left him.

The staircase was a peculiar one, winding round a central stem, supported by four wooden posts, open at all sides, and so narrow as to allow only one person to ascend at a time. The trap-door which communicated with the roof was like a hatchway on board ship, and the judge kept it open that he might have a fair view of his assailants as they came up to the assault.

He was not long kept in suspense. Rapidly the ascending footsteps approached, until the head and shoulders of a man appeared. It was Izzut Ali, one of the bosom-friends of Vizier Ali, who, sword in hand, confronted the intrepid judge. For a moment Izzut stopped short, eying the figure above him, and then burst into a storm of abuse and execration. Having exhausted his stock of anathemas, he made a rush forward.

"Back, you scoundrel!" cried the judge; "the troops are coming from the camp."

Izzut Ali gave a derisive laugh, and struck fiercely with his sword; the blow was parried, and a thrust from the spear transfixed his arm. With a howl of rage and pain the first assailant fell back. Others pressed furiously forward from behind, but one after another they were sent back foiled and wounded, till no one cared to face that deadly spear point and the strong arm that wielded it. Then they began to fire at the gallant defender of the stairs, but fortunately the peculiar construction of the staircase prevented them from taking good aim, and the balls went crashing harmlessly into the ceiling.

After a long fusillade it was resolved to make one more effort to storm the trap-door; and this time the judge had a narrow escape. The first of the storming party was a big powerful man, who dodged the thrust made at his head, and caught the spear point in his strong grasp. It would have gone hard with Mr. Davis had not the blade been triangular with sharp edges. But when, exerting all his force, he gave a desperate pull, the sharp edge cut through his antagonist's hands, inflicting severe wounds, and the spear was jerked out of his gripe. After that, no one ventured to come to close quarters with the judge, and his assailants contented themselves with keeping up for some time a desultory and harmless fire. Finally they grew tired of this waste of ammunition, and proceeded to wreak their vengeance upon the judge's furniture, as they could not reach his body. After they had smashed up everything they could lay their hands upon, there was a mysterious and unaccountable silence. Not a sound of any kind was to be heard. Had the foiled assassins given up the attack in despair, and gone to seek other and less formidable victims? One of the female servants cautiously peered over the parapet. A shower of bullets rattled round her in an instant, and one of them pierced her arm. It was clear then that the house was surrounded and vigilantly watched. Again all was silent. The judge dared not leave his post of vantage to reconnoitre, though the silence was more trying than the noise. Could they be going to fire the house, and give the hapless inmates but the choice between massacre and burning?

Two hours had elapsed since the first assault upon the trap-door: surely the news of the rising must have reached Erskine's camp, and troops must be on the way to Benares. Suddenly the silence was again broken; there was the sound of footsteps ascending the staircase. Once more the judge set his teeth, grasped his spear, and prepared to sell his life dearly. The steps came nearer, then a turbaned head appeared. In another instant the upraised spear would have been driven through the turban into the skull beneath it, when the intruder lifted his head and showed the white beard and withered face of one of the judge's own body-servants. Fearing treachery, however, Mr. Davis kept him at bay until he was assured that the party consisted of friends. He then descended, and found the new arrivals to be fifteen sepoys, and a few of his own police. As the sepoys were armed with musket and bayonet, and had fifteen rounds apiece, the judge felt that he was now equal to standing a siege, and heard without dismay that Vizier Ali was preparing for another attack in greater force. Meanwhile he inquired if anything had been heard of Mr. Cherry. He was told that to the best of his informant's belief Sahib Cherry and all the Englishmen with him had been killed. The judge was still musing over this melancholy news when he was roused by another alarm—the rattle of sabres and the clatter of horses' hoofs. A hurried glance from the window, however, set all his fears at rest; for in the new-comers he recognized a troop of cavalry from Erskine's camp. The first hearty greeting over, the officer in command briefly explained that immediately on the receipt of the news of Vizier Ali's insurrection, he had been ordered to hasten forward with his small force, and announce the approach of re-enforcements. They had ridden first to Mr. Cherry's; and there they found the house sacked, and the dead bodies of Mr. Cherry and four other Englishmen lying mutilated in the grounds. Then they hurried to Judge Davis's, expecting to find a similar horrible spectacle awaiting them there; but were overjoyed to discover that here at least they were not too late. Little more remains to be told. All danger was now over. A strong force under General Erskine arrived shortly afterward; and though there was some severe street fighting, yet before night-fall Vizier Ali's palace was stormed, his followers dispersed, and order restored in the city. The arch-conspirator himself, however, escaped, and at the head of a band of marauders made himself troublesome for a few months on the frontier, but was eventually betrayed to the English by the Rajah of Jeypore, with whom he had taken refuge, and kept in close confinement till his death.

By a curious coincidence, Vizier Ali was brought into Benares a prisoner on the anniversary of the memorable day which had witnessed the massacre of Mr. Cherry and the heroic defense of Judge Davis.

As for the gallant Horatius of the staircase, he received the due meed of his valor. His grateful fellow-countrymen at Benares hailed him as their savior from a cruel massacre. And the Governor-General, the Marquis of Wellesley, wrote expressing his high admiration of the splendid courage and coolness displayed by Mr. Davis on that occasion; to which alone, he said, "was to be attributed the safety of the English residents, and the salvation of the city from pillage." For there could be no doubt that by holding the Vizier and his forces at bay for two hours, the judge enabled the other European residents to make their escape to General Erskine's camp, and kept the insurrection from spreading into a serious and formidable rebellion. Nor was there wanting more substantial recognition of the judge's gallantry and resolution. He was shortly afterward removed to Calcutta, where he was promoted to a post of high honor and emolument. And at the time of his death he was one of the most respected and influential directors of the great Company whose interests he had so faithfully and bravely served.

At the mansion of Hollywood, near Bristol, the seat of his son Sir John Francis Davis, who for his distinguished services in China received a baronetage in 1846, the spear which figures in this story is still preserved with the deepest veneration, and will doubtless be handed down as a cherished and precious heirloom from generation to generation of the descendants of Samuel Davis. Cheeks will glow and pulses quicken as the story of that memorable feat of arms is told. Nor is it only in the family of the hero that these feelings of sympathetic pride and enthusiasm will be stirred. In some degree, at any rate, would we hope that they may be stirred in the heart of every reader of this narrative. And who can tell but that some stout-hearted Briton who shall hereafter find himself in forlorn straits may take fresh courage from the recollection of the brave judge of Benares, who with his single spear held the staircase against three hundred foes!

STAINED GLASS.

Nearly contemporary with the revival of Gothic architecture applied both to ecclesiastical and secular buildings, the taste for the enrichment of such edifices by the introduction of colored and painted glass has revived and flourished. The secret of communicating to glass the exquisite and glowing colors so richly and harmoniously blended in the few uninjured specimens that remained in the mediæval churches of Great Britain, if not absolutely lost, was for long buried in obscurity. Another most serious impediment was the difficulty of producing a pigment which should possess sufficient affinity with the glass to be readily incorporated with it, and yet be capable of reduction to a consistency favorable to its use as an ordinary kind of painting material to be laid on, and variously treated, according to the artistic necessities of the manipulator. But these and other minor obstacles gradually disappeared before the searching investigations of enthusiasts in an art that had been so long neglected.

Let us now follow the art of glass-staining through its chief stages. The design of the window being determined upon, and the cartoon or full-sized drawing being prepared, a kind of skeleton drawing is made, showing only the lines which indicate the shape of each separate piece of glass. It is apparently not generally understood that a window is not one piece of glass, to which are applied the various colors displayed, but a number of small pieces which are united by grooved lead, which incloses each individual fragment, and that each different color we see is the color of that particular piece of glass, the only painting material employed being the dark-brown pigment used to define the more delicate and minute details. This skeleton, or working drawing, then passes to the cutting-room, where sheets of glass of every imaginable shade are arranged in racks, each bearing a number, by which a particular tint is known. The drawing being numbered on each separate piece of glass by means of a frame containing small pieces of every shade, and each numbered according to the rack containing the glass of that color, the use of this frame renders unnecessary the tedious process of visiting each rack in search of the particular shade required; the glass is laid bit by bit on the drawing, and each piece is then cut to the required shape by means of a diamond.

After the glass is cut, it passes to the painter, who, laying it over the drawing, traces upon it with his brush all the details of features, folds of drapery, foliage, etc., as designed by the artist. But as the action of the weather and the continually varying conditions of the atmosphere would speedily remove every vestige of paint if left in this state, it is necessary to subject the painted glass to the action of heat by placing it for several hours in a kiln, under the influence of which the paint is fused into absolute affinity with the glass, and becomes actually incorporated with its substance. After this burning process, it only remains for the different pieces to be united with the grooved leaden frame-work which binds the whole together. The places where the leads join are then carefully soldered together, and nothing remains but to thoroughly work over the whole surface with a thick kind of cement, which fills up any interstices between the glass and lead, and renders the whole panel perfectly water-tight and weather-proof.

After having noted the various processes necessary to the completion of a window, let us proceed to the examination and comparison of the different styles and peculiarities which characterize the originals upon which most of our modern productions are founded. These styles or epochs correspond almost identically with those similarly adopted to distinguish the progress of architecture. The first is the Early English, commencing approximately toward the close of the twelfth and extending to the end of the thirteenth century. The windows of this period are characterized by extreme simplicity and even crudeness of design; but these defects as such, when carried to extremes, are counterbalanced by the great richness of general effect, and an apparently intuitive appreciation of the rules which affect and govern a pleasing harmony of color. As the architecture of this period in its severest simplicity had not arrived at the elaboration of dividing the windows into separate compartments, or "lights," as they are technically termed, it is obvious that the artist was either restricted to the portrayal of a single figure or subject in one window, or was compelled, if desirous of introducing more than one such representation, to reduce the size of each individual picture, and by a judicious and ornamental arrangement of geometrically shaped panels to form by the repetition of these an effective and pleasing whole. This treatment was one widely adopted at this time both in England and abroad; and the comparatively few specimens in England, and those somewhat more numerous on the Continent, are sufficient to show how effectively these arrangements were carried out. A natural consequence of the then architectural ignorance of the advantages of mullioned windows was the increase in size of the single lights, thus affording far wider scope to the artist in arranging his groups of subjects. They represented for the most part scenes from the life of Christ, or pictorial histories of sainted and martyred Christians, and evidenced painstaking care on the part of the monastic artists who originated and executed the designs.

On comparing the attempts at ornamentation of this period in architecture and in illuminated manuscripts we find the mediæval artists following in the same track; and thus we find the decorating of their windows to take the form either of canopies and bases, founded in their design on the actual stone models before them in their churches, or of foliated scroll-work of an extremely conventional and formal character. We find as a rule that the single figures—such as figures representing the apotheoses of saints or martyrs—stood under the canopies referred to with probably nothing but a broad strip to support the figure; and in the same manner the architectural work of the canopies was designed with the most sublime disregard of perspective, and arches of the flimsiest structure supported a superincumbent weight calculated to strike a modern engineer with horror. But such eccentricities as these are forgotten when we look upon the complete work, and see how, with all its incongruities of drawing, and its frequent defiance of the laws of gravity, the idea thus crudely conveyed was one of reverential worship on the part of the designers.

On the other hand, the grouped subjects, when arranged to contain several scenes, were generally separated by flowing scroll-work bearing some resemblance to foliage, but growing in carefully drawn curves, and interlacing with a remarkably happy effect of color rather than of truth to nature. Still, the effect as a whole is beautiful and devotional in the extreme; and it is interesting for those who have the opportunity of studying the progressive styles to note how, as devoutness and purity of expression diminish, there grows a taste for elaborate and beautiful ornamental details, and a more artistic aptitude in the drawing of human and other figures.

In the glass of this period the brush is but sparingly used; the dresses, being very simple and with few folds, are little more than the colored glass cut to the shape as nearly as possible, a few strong strokes of the brush indicating the leading folds. The figures, too, are small compared with the space at command, and the accessories of background, trees, buildings, etc., are treated in the simplest and most primitive manner. But by slow degrees the style became merged into what is known as the Decorated or Second Pointed Period.

This epoch appears in mediæval art to be the culminating point in architecture, stained glass, and illumination, beyond which the most aspiring ambition could not hope to pass; and truly it is difficult to imagine anything more perfect in its own sphere than the different branches of art at this time. The crudeness and imperfections of the earlier years were now rectified and supplied, while little was lost of original simplicity or feeling in the superior treatment of the later style.

In this the Decorated Period we find the windows divided by mullions, and as the years went on, the mullions by interlacing curves, forming smaller openings in the upper part of the window, called tracery. The width of the several lights by this alteration was naturally considerably diminished, and encouraged the almost universal adoption of the canopy as an appropriate finish to the work. And in these canopies are evinced the most pleasing and varied fancies, being, with certain restrictions, almost reproductions of the beautiful stone tabernacle-work still to be seen throughout the cathedral towns of England. The crocketed pinnacle, the traceried window, the gargoyle grotesquely leering from his coign of vantage—all are to be found depicted in transparent splendor. The painting, too, at this period, is found to have progressed; the features are more carefully and naturally traced; there is less grotesqueness of pose; the drapery bears evidence of closer study; and the whole shows a decided advance toward artistic success. The glass itself is cut in larger pieces as the power of expression by painting increases, and this of course implies a more sparing use of the lead grooves, and a corresponding increase of lightness. At this point, then, it may be said the art has reached its zenith, and from this point commences the downward course. It is perhaps natural that as the artists toward the close of the fourteenth century became conscious of their improvement in many ways, each generation should strive to outstrip the other; and beneficial as such a course, under certain restrictions, must necessarily be, the unrestrained and imperfectly educated efforts of these rivals brought about a result far more disastrous than an absolute stand-still. These artists overlooked the fact that, from the very conditions of its manufacture and treatment, stained glass must always be to a certain extent conventional. This was the trap into which fell the leaders of the third period, called the Perpendicular, or Third Pointed. In their endeavors, honest and laudable enough no doubt, to outstrip all competitors, they discarded the brilliant and gorgeous colors of previous years, and presented little positive color, except in the backgrounds to figures or subjects. They substituted for the magnificent canopies of the Decorated Period, elaborate and generally painfully top-heavy structures, certainly more true in insignificant details than their predecessors, but in disregard of the commonest rules of perspective.

We have now arrived at the virtual termination of the practice of the art for the time being; for although it was carried on for some time longer on the Continent, it languished slowly but surely, and expired for want of encouragement in the stagnant times of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, to be revived and to flourish again with renewed vigor, and under more favorable circumstances, in the present century.

Of the adaptability of this beautiful art to the internal decoration of both public and private buildings it is not necessary to say much. It agreeably completes the general scheme of mural decoration, which would otherwise be wanting in unity of design, in consequence of the break in the continuity of ornament by the existence of an undecorated and, apart from its purpose, unjustifiable blank space. Thus the artist in stained glass comes to the rescue of the decorator, and without interfering with the transmission of light, renders the hitherto unsightly window an additional beauty and adornment to the building. And the art has another great advantage of being capable of use in concealment as well as display. It frequently happens that from various causes the outlook from a window is far from agreeable, though the necessity remains for the window itself; and here again stained glass is of the greatest service, as it can be arranged to admit light, and at the same time prevent the eye from resting on an unpleasant prospect without, or the curious eye of prying outsiders from intruding on the privacy of those within.

It will be seen from the foregoing how many and urgent are the claims of the art of stained glass on the notice of lovers of architectural adornment; and in these days of intellectual enlightenment and artistic as well as scientific progress, such claims will not present themselves in vain.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

They walked out of the theatre arm in arm. She was as dainty as a princess, and prettier than an opening flower. The long, soft white feather hung gracefully to her shoulder, and her long, delicate, slender hand held a sumptuous fan. He looked pretty spooney himself, but he felt good. "How did you like the opera, pet?" he faintly inquired, and the delicious little angel looked up into his face, and while the gas-beams lighted up the bit of court-plaster on her chin, replied: "It's the boss!"

A Pulaski boy recently swallowed a penknife. Although not quite out of danger, he finds some consolation in the fact that the knife belonged to another boy.

WIT FROM A FRENCH BOHEMIAN ATTIC.

"Jeannie, did you divide your paper of chocolate with your brother?"

"Yes, certainly, mamma; I ate the chocolate, and gave him the motto—he is so fond of reading, you know."

Student (*fresh from college, to conductor*). "I wish to get on the penultimate car."

Conductor. "We have no pea-nut car; you can take the smoker." [*Mutually disgusted.*

CLASS IN THE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

Professor. "Is there any way to obtain good fruit without grafting or budding?"

Student. "Yes, Sir."

Professor. "Please explain the process."

Student. "Watch your chance, and when the farmer goes to dinner, crawl over into the orchard and steal it."

"Smile when you can," is the latest thing we are asked to do by those gratuitously admonitory beings the poets. No one can smile when he can't.

Johnny says his mother makes a great cry if his sister goes out without her shade hat. She don't want her to get freckled, but she doesn't seem to care a bit how much his father tans him.

A young woman applying for the situation as teacher to a village school, being questioned by the trustee as to her qualifications, replied: "I ain't much of an arithmeticker, but I'm an elegant grammarist."

Saratoga in the English language means "the region of the big hills." In plain English it means the region of big bills.

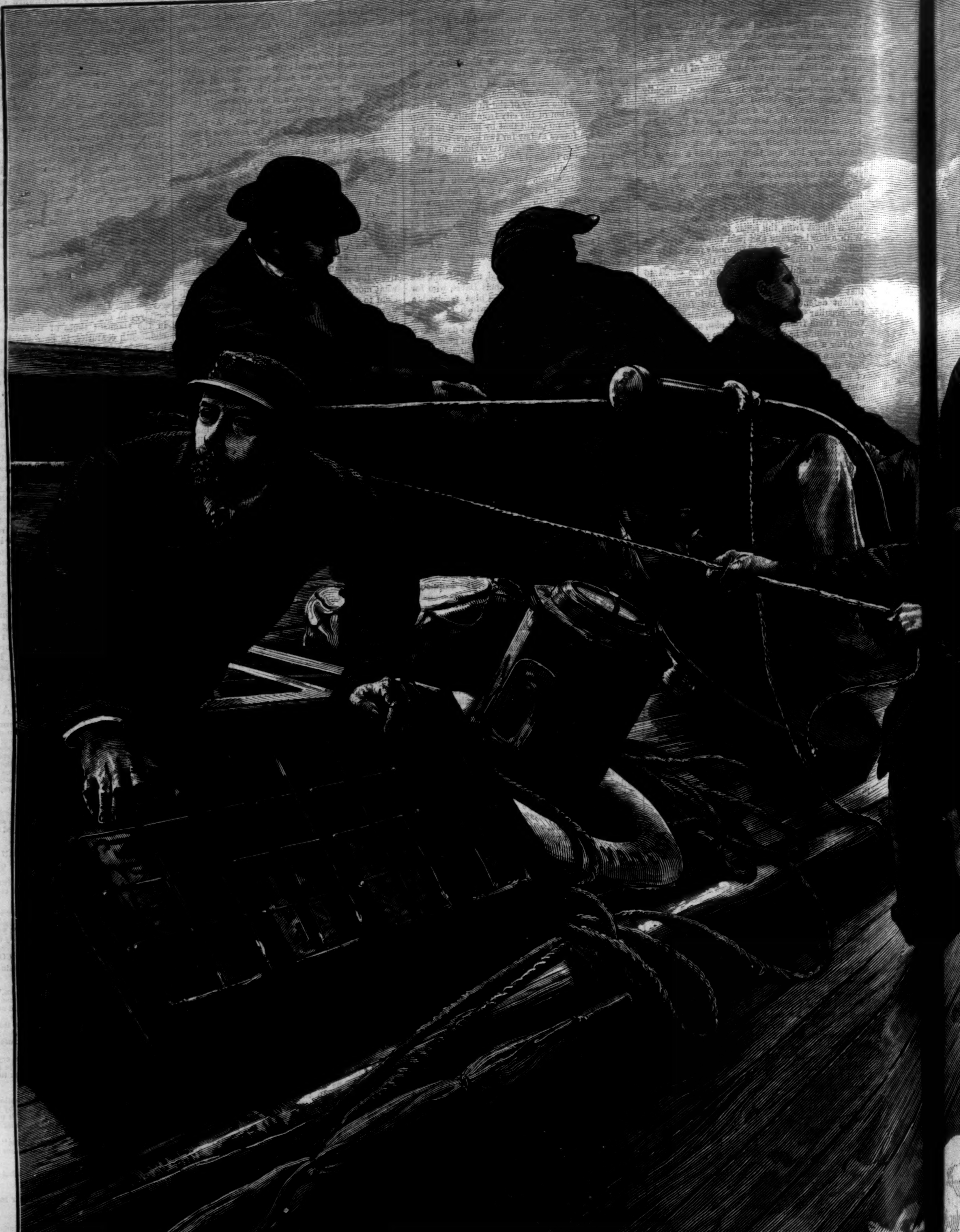
One half of this world don't know what the other half take in their soda-water.

It is always the smoke from the other man's cigar that is offensive to the young lady.

AT THE SEA-SIDE.

Affable Boarding-house Keeper (*to prospective tenant*). "Just look at the view of the beach, Sir. Why, from this window here you can see yourself bathing."

"I'm sitting on this tile, Mary,"
He said, in accents sad,
Removing from the rocking-chair
The best silk hat he had;
And while he viewed the shapeless mass,
That erst was trim and neat,
He murmured: "Would it had been felt
Before I took my seat!"



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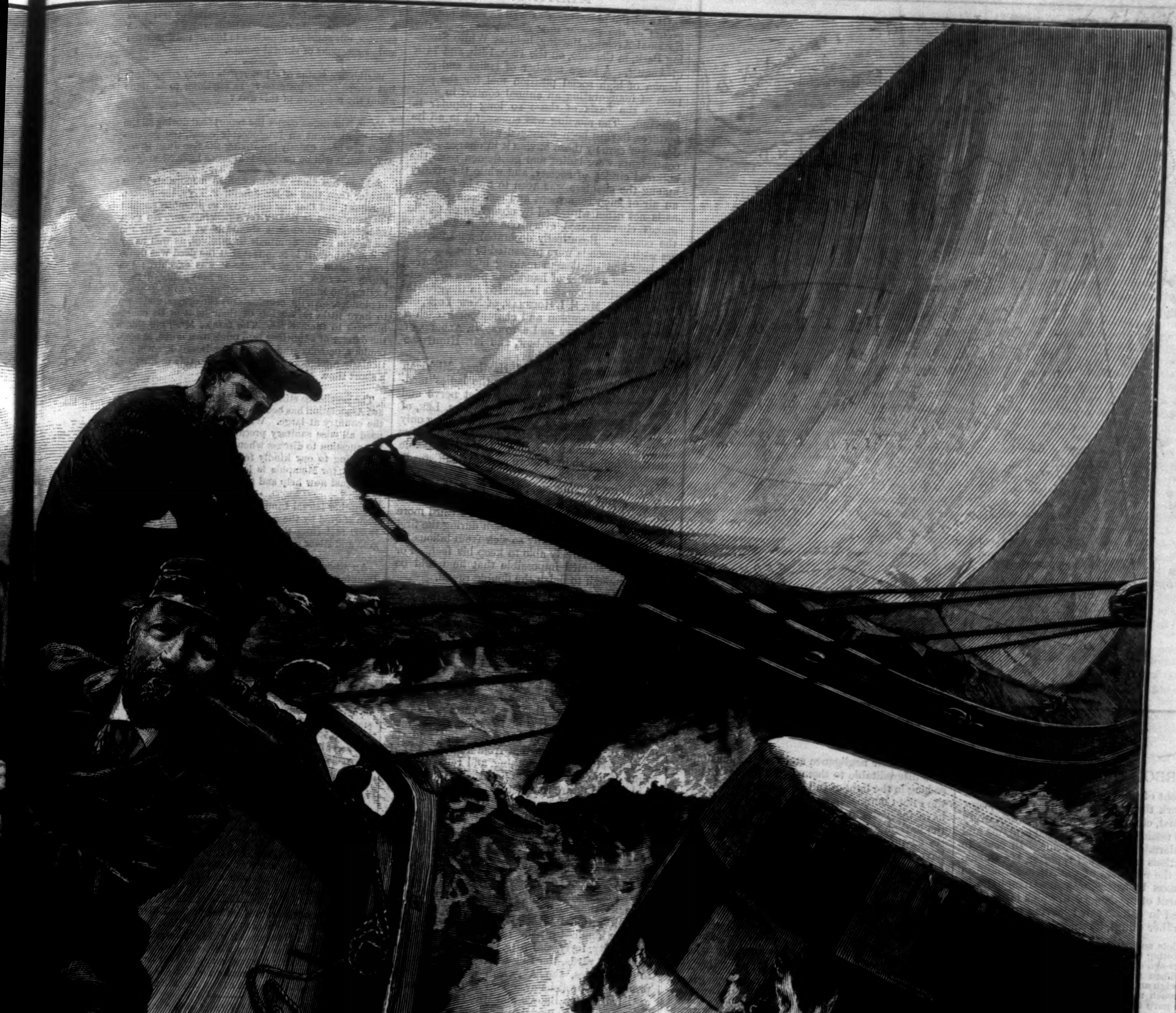
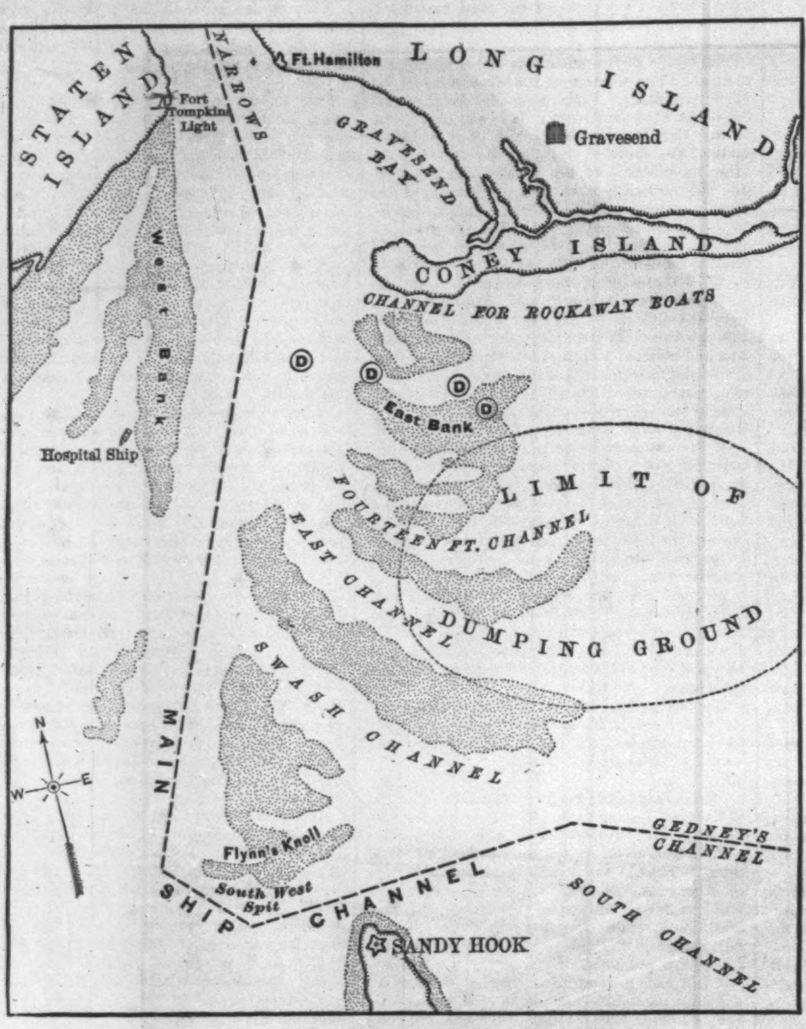


—"HAUL IN THE MAIN-SHEET."



THE OBSTRUCTIONS IN THE HARBOR.

HARBOR OBSTRUCTIONS.

The extent of the injury to the bay and harbor of New York through the dumping of garbage, ashes, ballast, etc., becomes more apparent every day. The testimony of experienced captains and pilots is alarming in the extreme. In reply to some questions by a *Herald* reporter, Mr. Coverly, one of the members of the Anchor Line firm of Henderson Brothers, was most emphatic in his statement of the dangers to which large ships are exposed in entering and leaving the harbor. Amongst other things, he said:

> "Our pilots and captains are constantly complaining that piloting is becoming more and more difficult. A few years ago our vessels were not of much lighter draught. Then we could sail at any time we were ready to weigh anchor. Not only that, but any vessel could approach moderately near either shore of the bay, which gave the whole scope of the bay for navigation. At present we are compelled to sail just at a certain hour to get out of port at all. Sometimes we have to leave at three o'clock in the morning. Then the channels in both bays are narrowing so that it is only skilled pilots who can take some of our larger vessels through safely. If we miss a tide by an hour, we are compelled to keep the ship in port until favorable tides again give us an opportunity to squeeze over the almost closed course.....There is hardly a British steam-ship commander who does not feel timid about New York Harbor's safety as a port. Of course the pilots are intrusted with the responsibility of directing the vessel in safety, but still, when these men of experience and judgment become timid, it is time that a public movement was inaugurated to abolish the nuisances that are endangering the lives of thousands of passengers weekly."

Mr. C. F. Elwell, president of the Maritime Exchange, was equally emphatic in denouncing the official delinquency which permitted the destruction of the harbor, and in describing the dangers to which shipping is subject in consequence of that remissness. When asked what he thought about the danger to the Rockaway and Coney Island boats, he said: "The water is almost too scant, even at high tide, for entire safety. One of these days an immense steamboat will strike the bottom with a crash, or run into a bank. Then there will be somebody hurt, and no one to blame. These great steamboats just clear the bottom of the channel by a mere trifle. At low water it is a risky thing to attempt to use the channel for a steamboat."

The unlawful dumping of ashes and garbage in the bay has so altered the soundings and the character of the bottom as to render the use of charts a mere farce. An experienced pilot, who is said to be one of the best-informed men on the bay, admitted to a *Herald* reporter that no dependence could be placed in them. "The other day," he said, "I took a ship drawing twenty-five and a half feet of water near the Long Island shore. The place is set down on the United States Survey Chart as having thirty-two feet depth, but we grounded. You see we can't depend on the charts, as everything has changed by reason of the dumping, and if it ain't stopped, navigation must soon become impossible. As it is now, it is hard work to pilot some of the large steamers, the channel is so narrow and shallow."

Much more testimony to the same effect has been made public through the press, and the officials intrusted with the care and management of the harbor appear to be at last aroused to a sense of their negligence and their responsibility. It is discreditable to them that they have sinned so long in the light of full knowledge. The press, the Pilot Commissioners, ship captains, and pilots have for years proclaimed the danger to which the harbor was subjected; but they received little or no attention when those dangers might have been averted, and only when the ruin of the harbor is well-nigh accomplished is a tardy movement made for its preservation. The matter is one that concerns the whole country. The destruction of our harbor would be a national calamity. As the New York *Evening Post* forcibly remarks:

> "It is full time for the people of this city to lend a hand to the Pilot Commissioners in their losing fight for the preservation of New York Harbor. We mean by the word 'people' the merchants, the land transportation company managers, the bankers, the manufacturers (of whom we have a large number, although New York makes no pretension to be known as a manufacturing city), and all other citizens who have a direct pecuniary interest in keeping an open road to the ocean and a safe place of anchorage for vessels of all kinds....Whatever impairs the integrity of the harbor, directly diminishes the greatest natural advantage which this city possesses. By all the testimony the harbor has been filled up here and there by what has been thrown into it. That it can be ruined by continuing to deposit all kinds of stuff in it is unquestionable. Just now there is no legal or other obstacle to this process of civic suicide. The question for our citizens is whether they will sit still with closed mouths and see this work of ruin accomplished, or rise up and stop it."

And now the question is, how can the work of destruction be averted? Mr. Elwell, from whom we have already quoted, suggests the following plan:

> "The offenders include the foreign, and particularly the British, steam-ships. I have been told, and fully believe, that they not only drop their ashes and refuse in the bay, but also throw overboard their stone and sand ballast secretly. Now there is only one way to do. Let the Legislature make it penal servitude as the result of doing so, and word the law clearly. Let a heavy fine also accompany the imprisonment. To enforce this law a special harbor police are required. Let them be a strong, well-organized force who fully understand their rights, and are prepared to enforce the law. Give them steam-cutters, such as are used in the revenue service. Then when any ship or vessel is caught dumping in the bay, the police can board the offending vessel and arrest the captain. It is the only safe plan by which the work of destruction can be ended."

That this or an equally effective remedy must be immediately enforced is clear to every one who has paid attention to the subject. A glance at the accompanying map will show the necessity of decided action. The large circle indicates the legal dumping ground, while the smaller circles, marked "D," show where garbage of all kinds has been constantly dumped in defiance of law, and to the great injury of our once safe and magnificent harbor.

It would doubtless be the safest plan if no dumping at all were allowed in the waters adjacent to the harbor, as then there would be no temptation or opportunity to evade the law. Can not some plan be devised for disposing of garbage, by burning or otherwise, that would relieve the harbor of the dangers that now threaten its existence? The subject is of the highest practical importance, and merits the closest scrutiny.

THE NATIONAL ARCHERY MEETING.

One of the pleasantest as well as most notable events of the season now closing has been the National Archery Meeting, held at White Stocking Park, in Chicago, on the 12th, 13th, and 14th of August. A large number of ladies and gentlemen of high social position met for the purpose of inaugurating an annual contest in archery on the basis of those so long popular in England. The meeting was successful in all its features, having been managed with the highest degree of care by those having it in charge. The contestants were ladies and gentlemen from the cultured circles of society, and while the rivalry among the shooters was keen to the last degree, an air of such refinement and courteous dignity as is not often witnessed by observers of public games characterized every one connected with the contest. Beautifully decorated gold medals set with diamonds were presented to the successful lady and gentleman making highest scores, and a large number of handsome prizes were offered by private persons interested in the growth of archery. Mr. E. I. Horsman, of New York, offered to the champion and championess each a superb case of bows and arrows, Mr. Aldred, of London, offered a yew bow, and Mr. Highfield two cases of elegant tackle.

Mrs. Spalding Brown, of Hastings, Michigan (see portrait on page 732), won the ladies' medal, exhibiting a high degree of quiet nerve and presence of mind while shooting. Mrs. Lee, of Crawfordsville, Indiana, came second, scoring only twenty-eight points less after losing twenty-four points by rebounding arrows. It was noticeable that the ladies showed more coolness and steadiness than the men.

Mr. Will H. Thompson, whose portrait we give on page 732, won the gentlemen's medal with a double York Round of 624 points—a third more than any other contestant, though during the first two days he was actually so sick from bilious fever as to be scarcely able to keep his feet. For a time it seemed impossible that he would be strong enough to finish the double round.

In this connection it may be well to observe that archery, like all muscular exercises, may be overdone. Mr. Maurice Thompson, who introduced archery into the United States, and whose proficiency with the bow was well known, has lost his place, for this season at least, by straining his left shoulder with an overpowerful bow. The desire to push excellence into what may be termed sensational proportions has destroyed archers before Mr. Thompson. Horace A. Ford, the greatest archer since the revival of the sport in 1844, so injured the tendons of his right hand and the nerves of his left arm that from a score of 1251 he dropped to almost nothing, and retired in the prime of life. Those who find themselves prone to indulge a desire to shoot with overstrong bows should take early warning. Mr. Thompson's injury is not thought to be permanent, but it will take months of careful training to recover his old proficiency. Light, easy bows are recommended by all good archers. The best shots among English gentlemen use forty-six to fifty pound bows; the ladies, from twenty to thirty pound bows.

The distances shot by the gentlemen were the same as those prescribed by the rules of the English National Association, to wit, sixty, eighty, and one hundred yards. But the American ladies shot thirty, forty, and fifty yards, instead of fifty and sixty yards, the English ladies' ranges. As to the scores, the American ladies give great promise of proficiency. Two of the contestants at Chicago, Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Lee, passed 500 points, whilst the medal in England is usually won by a lady's score of between 600 and 700 points.

A most exciting contest was that on the last day of the meeting, when a "team" of four archers from each club shot the "American Round," consisting of thirty arrows to each man at each range, viz., thirty arrows at forty yards, thirty arrows at fifty yards, and thirty arrows at sixty yards. The prize, $100, was won by Maurice Thompson's team, of Crawfordsville, Indiana, W. H. Thompson making the highest individual score.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

M. De Sainte-Anne, a French engineer, has boldly conceived the idea of building an enormous bridge over the English Channel. According to his plan, the viaduct is to extend between Cape Grisnez and Folkestone, where the Channel is narrowest, being only about twenty-one miles wide. The bridge is to consist of 175 immense iron tubes, each about 650 feet long, and large enough to allow a locomotive to pass through. These tubes are to be supported upon masonry columns 130 feet high above the water, and secured on stone foundations extending far into the bottom of the Channel.

While such a plan is certainly feasible, the present state of affairs, both scientifically and commercially, points to a date in the far distant future for its completion. Certainly the French projects of the past year—cutting through the Isthmus, constructing a Sahara railroad, and now bridging the Channel—should win for their engineers a reputation for boldness in design, to say the least.

September brings new interest to those who care for athletic games, and during the coming two months we are likely to have a surplus of walking matches of all grades. Just at this moment the unsettled arrangements for the proposed international walking contest for the Astley belt are a subject of general discussion, but will doubtless be settled before this paragraph reaches our readers' eyes.

The President of the Alpine Club writes from Zermatt, Switzerland, that the remains of Dr. William O. Mosely, of Boston, who met his death by falling over a precipice in his descent of the Matterhorn, have been buried in the church-yard of the English Church at Zermatt, beside victims of former accidents on the same mountain. Details of the catastrophe show that Dr. Mosely had complained of the restraint of the rope throughout the excursion. It was removed when about twenty minutes' walk from the hut, and presently, refusing the guide's proffered help, he attempted to vault over a projecting rock, stumbled, and fell. His body was found two thousand feet below the spot where the accident occurred. No doubt ascending the Alps involves considerable danger: certainly travellers should not disregard the precautions which experience justifies, nor consider it useless to follow the directions and suggestions of skillful guides.

Bartholdi's statue of "Liberty" is nearly completed; but where is the pedestal? Is anything to be done about the reception of this gift?

From Nicaragua comes the report that during all the discussion about an interoceanic canal, the government has been quietly improving the San Juan River, and soon it will be navigable as far as Lake Nicaragua.

Seldom has there been recorded a more atrocious murder than that of Mr. Joseph F. Frye, the Boston merchant, and that the detectives so promptly secured the murderers is matter for thankfulness. No such cold-blooded miscreants should be at large. By the confession of the criminals themselves, as well as by circumstances, it is manifest that the deed was deliberately planned weeks before it was executed; the murderers took advantage of the hospitality of their victim, and killed him as a preliminary to their work of plunder. All the criminals are foreigners, and seem to have little realization of their guilt or its consequences to themselves. The fate of Mr. Frye shows the danger of admitting into one's own home, as companions, persons whose character is not known, particularly foreigners who have been in this country but a short time.

The pestilence still rages in Memphis, and the Howard Association has been compelled to ask for aid from the country at large. Whether or not Memphis has used all wise sanitary precautions in the past is not the question to discuss when poverty and sickness are appealing to our kindly feelings. Suffering must be relieved, for Memphis is learning a bitter lesson, and needs just now help and sympathy.

Another lateral tunnel, in a northerly direction, has been started by the Sutro Tunnel Company, at a point 12,000 feet from the entrance, where good assays of gold and silver ores are obtained.

An attempt to blow open the safe of the Long Branch Banking Company was frustrated by the strength of the safe, and the burglars, becoming alarmed at some noise, made their escape. Several arrests of suspected persons were made.

A large fire has occurred at Bordeaux. The estimated loss is stated at 2,000,000 francs.

One of the most interesting documents ever published by the government is now being prepared, and the volume for 1878 will soon appear, and that for 1879 will be completed some time during next January. It is a statistical abstract of the United States, and will embrace tables in reference to finance, coinage, commerce, emigration, tonnage, navigation, postal service, railroads, agriculture, and mining. The table upon each subject will extend back for at least ten years.

When a little child fell into the river the other day, while playing on the dock at the foot of Rutgers Street, a boy of thirteen, George Matson by name, unhesitatingly jumped into the water, and caught the drowning child. With much effort he succeeded in reaching the dock, and both lads were lifted ashore by those who ran to the spot on seeing the accident. It is said that young Matson had previously saved two persons from drowning.

The fate of the ruined palace of the Tuileries is not yet absolutely decided. When the French Chambers meet again in November it will be determined whether its wrecked magnificence will be in some measure restored, or whether the present ruins will be demolished, and the grounds transformed into an ornamental garden for the recreation of the Republic.

Criminals and paupers from other countries are finding their way to our shores so frequently nowadays as to arouse the special attention of the Commissioners of Emigration. The United States needs no emigrants of those classes, and if this evil continues, law must afford a remedy.

By a recent decision in the Supreme Court the citizens of New York city are informed that the "streets, which include the sidewalks, are for the public at large." This will be news to many persons, who doubtless have been all their lives under the impression that the sidewalks were intended to furnish a convenient location for booths, boxes, barrels, trucks, or anything else that it was convenient for shop-keepers, householders, or other people to place upon them. Pedestrians really have some rights, it seems; and the public—the walking public, we mean—will now look with interest to see the speedy removal of various unsightly and inconvenient obstructions to travel.

Private domestic correspondence sometimes gets into the newspapers. This circumstance has its uses as well as its abuses. So we quote from an exchange:

"Up Country, *August* 20.

"Dear John,—I am going to stay another week. Am having a splendid time.

"Affectionately, Julia."

"City, *August* 21.

"Dear Julia,—You can stay another week. Am having a splendid time.

"Affectionately, John."

For some reason or other, Julia concludes to pack up and start for home immediately, to see about John's "splendid time."

On August 23, the Floating Hospital of St. John's Guild made its twenty-second excursion for the season, having on board 753 sick children and mothers.

"The tomato," remarks an exchange, "is masquerading about the market stalls under more aliases than you can shake a stick at. There are tomaytoes, tomarters, tommytoes, tomattuses, tommatoes, tormatoes, and the other day we heard a woman inquire: 'How d'ye sell yer tornadoes?'"

A curious case of mistaken identity has occurred. A short time ago the body of a woman was found floating in the Atlantic Dock Basin, and taken to the Brooklyn Morgue. Three persons identified it in the most positive manner, one man asserting that he had been well acquainted with the deceased for over twenty years, and had been her business agent. During the coroner's inquest, however, the supposed dead woman appeared upon the scene alive and well. The astonishment of the friends may be imagined. The resurrected woman walked off with her business agent, and the inquest was completed over the unknown corpse, with the usual verdict—"Found drowned."

The great swimming match between Captain Paul Boyton and Captain Matthew Webb, for a purse of $1000 and $500 a side, resulted in an easy victory for Captain Boyton, as his antagonist was seized with cramps before completing half the assigned distance. The contest took place off Easton Beach, and created great excitement in Newport. They swam in mile courses, which were marked out by buoys. Captain Boyton was dressed in his famous rubber suit, and used his paddles, while Captain Webb wore bathing tights; but the former was to swim twenty-five miles, and the latter but twenty. Captain Webb, after his violent attack of cramps, was not able to resume the contest; but Captain Boyton accomplished his twenty-five miles in twenty hours and twenty-four minutes.

M. De Lesseps seems to have made some mistake in his calculations about the Panama canal. In a recent speech at Beauvais, France, he expressed the opinion that opposition on the part of the United States to the canal project would expose us "to the censure of the whole Southern population of the New World." Possibly,that may not be the question which the United States would first consider in the matter.

The new Khedive of Egypt has reduced his civil list to $400,000. The ex-Khedive is likely to be permanently excluded from his country by England's authority.

Steel is to be used in the superstructure of the East River Bridge, and the contract for supplying it has been taken by the Edgemoor Iron Company. It is an interesting fact, as showing progress in manufacture, that a year ago, when the contract was first advertised, the specifications called for iron for the floor beams and trusses, as there was not then sufficient faith in the steel manufactured to give the engineers confidence in its use in so important a structure; but during the suspension of work, caused by political difficulties, there has been so much improvement in steel manufacture that the plans and specifications of the re-advertised contract were adapted to steel. The roadway of the bridge is to be eighty feet wide, and laid on a series of transverse floor beams, which are hung from the cables by means of steel suspender ropes. The roadway is strengthened by a series of trusses extending over the floor beams from end to end of the bridge.

THE BEAUTIFUL GYPSY AND HER RING.

SOME time in the fifteenth century, when the monastery was in the height of its power and fame, and when high-born youths came from far and near to receive instruction from the learned monks, there was staying at the abbey for this purpose a young man of good family called Hans von Wessenburg.

There was, at the same time, encamped in the forest, a tribe of Bohemians, whose lawless ways were perhaps somewhat of a trial to the good monks their neighbors, but who served, it would seem, to relieve the tedium of those hours which young Hans of Wessenburg did not spend in study—hours when he possibly found the society of the brown-stoled brethren slightly oppressive.

There happened to be among the gypsies a maiden of unusual and peerless beauty, the pride and delight of the tribe, a creature with soft dark eyes, lustrous as though the stars had looked into them, and softly tinted damask cheeks, such as Correggio only could have put on canvas—a creature that seemed to the young student a very "vision of delight," when, one day, book in hand, he was taking a solitary ramble through the ravine, and suddenly looking up, he saw Elsa, seated on a great rock in the centre of the torrent, her dark hair flying in the breeze, and her shapely bare feet dipped into the foam of the water-fall.

The young man was certainly inclined to believe that he had come across one of those fair unearthly beings which, legend had taught him, haunted these sylvan scenes.

Still he did not turn and fly, as perhaps he should, with this impression, have done. Later on, however, he discovers that the beautiful vision was no deluding water-nixie, but a true maiden of flesh and blood, and he felt less inclined to turn and fly than before.

The first meeting between the youth and the gypsy maiden by the romantic water-fall was by no means the last. Both were young. Both were weaving their first romance; for doubtless, in the gypsy's eyes, the fair-haired, high-born youth appeared no less charming than did she in his. Both loved. The young man had but one desire in the world—to call the lovely spirit of the ravine his own. And before long a solemn betrothal, in the presence of the gypsy tribe, joined their hands, and Hans slipped on to the slender brown finger of his future bride a ring as an earnest of his troth.

"On that ring," said an old sibyl of the tribe, soon after, to the girl, "hangs your fate. Be careful of it. If you lose it, your happiness is gone."

Elsa laughed softly. "My happiness is in him, and not in his ring," she said, lightly.

Yet she wore it night and day, and looked at it and loved it, and caressed it in secret, as though it had been a part of her lover.

It is like a lock of his golden hair, she thinks, twisted about her finger, and she loves to play with it, child as she is, as though it were.

And she is a little willful and wild in her ways, too—as indeed a gypsy maiden might well be.

One day she is in the ravine awaiting her lover, and by way of passing the time, which seems long to her, she takes off one by one her bits of gypsy finery, her necklace of beads and armlets of silver, and lays them on the big stone in the rivulet, which is her favorite seat. A little cross, too, that her lover has given her and taught her to prize, she lays amongst them.

"How pretty they all are! how pretty they must look on me!" she cries, in innocent vanity, not knowing that it was she who gave a beauty to the trinkets far more than they gave to her. "But my ring is the best," she says. "Ah, let me see how that sparkles amongst them—so tiny, but so precious."

She lays it on the stone in the midst of her armlets, and gazes at it admiringly. But in another instant a sound reaches her ear. She thinks it is her lover's footstep, and turns away her head to listen, a second only, and she turns again to see her prized and fated ring carried off from her in the beak of a raven which has been hovering over her head.

With a cry of despair the girl leaps from the rock to meet her lover, and to pour into his ear the sad tale of her loss.

To the Teutonic mind of Hans this event is annoying as involving the loss of the ring, but otherwise not overwhelming.

"After all, another ring can be got where that came from," he says, lightly. "Don't spoil your pretty eyes, my Elsa, by crying after the bauble."

Then Elsa tells him, with faltering tongue and white cheeks, of the old sibyl's prophecy. "My happiness goes with that ring," she cries, passionately, looking up at the raven's nest overhanging the edge of the rock far above her head, where the bird has retired with his prey.

"If that be so," said the young lover, smiling, yet moved by the anguish of her face, "you shall very soon have it back again—both the ring and the happiness."

Before the girl is well aware of what he is about, he has begun climbing, hand over hand, the rugged face of the steep gorge, clinging here to a bush, and there to a stone, and hanging now and again over the abyss on the strong arm of a tree.

"Stay! stay!" cries the gypsy, as she watches her lover's progress with horrible fascination. "Come back. Alas! the ring is not worth your danger to me. What have I said?"

But the young man, excited now with the sense of an exploit almost achieved, sends back a reassuring shout, and pursues his perilous way upward. One more spring and the prize is his.

He stretches his hand over the nest, from which the scared bird rises, supporting himself meanwhile on a clump of gorse which overhangs the torrent.

Elsa, seized with a sudden presentiment of evil, shudders and covers her eyes with her hands. A horrible sound of something falling heavily beside her makes her start away and look.

At her feet lies the body of her lover, the last faint breath of life but now fluttering from his white lips, while in his tightly clinched hand he still holds the prize for which he has striven—her ring.

Three days afterward some of the gypsy tribe, searching for the lost Elsa, who has been for this time missing, come upon a white-faced, scared, and ghost-like creature, sitting in the roar of the water-fall, beside a dead and mutilated body, to which she is still chattering plaintive words of fond endearment, and tender reproaches for its silent coldness.

The gypsies carried the body of the young man to the abbey, where he was buried, and removing their camp from the neighborhood, took the unfortunate Elsa with them.

But the glen where her happiness and her misery had in turn come to her had a weird charm for her unquiet spirit, which no distance could alter. She found her way back again to her favorite haunt, and not many months afterward lay down with a child's weariness to die on the spot where her lover's life and her own reason had alike fled.

ONLY JOE.

"YES, if it is only Joe," said Caroline, "he may come in."

A boy of fifteen or sixteen years of age shyly entered.

The entranceway was the white drop-curtain of a white tent pitched on the green lawn of Deersfield. The interior, with a charmingly transparent whiteness of wall-veil effected by the noonday rays of the August sun, contained three pretty school-girls, busy with boxes of finery. A negro nurse was opening upon a Turkish mat that carpeted the tent ground a carton of gayly colored ribbons.

"Now, Joe," said Caroline, "we have let you in only on one condition, and that is, you don't tell, and you don't look."

"T-t-t-two conditions," stammered Joe.

"Well, keep both," said Caroline, in her shrill, authoritative voice.

Joe rested himself upon a camp-chair in an angle of the awning, with water-color sketch-book in hand. Occasionally, as his pencil moved, he glanced critically at the girls, who had stretched themselves in rapturous attitudes upon the ribbon-heaped rug, and who were by this time too engrossed with their morsels of finery to observe the inobtrusive act.

"I'm going to Charlie Evans's ball as the Enchantress," said Belle. "Never mind if it is a child's ball!"

"Dear me! I wish I didn't *have* to be only a flower girl," sighed Jane.

"I'm the Daughter of the Regiment," cried Caroline, striking a martial attitude. She marched up to Joe, and with a quick motion tossed the cap from his head. "Rude boy, you are in the presence of ladies."

"I was for-for-bid-id-den to lo-look."

"Look now," said Caroline, "and keep your eyes forever afterward shut."

Joe lifted to the little termagant his bright, distant, but inquisitive eyes.

Then he returned to his work; and Caroline, as she turned away, heard him softly repeat her words, without any trace of the fatal stammer: "Forever afterward shut."

The family at Deersfield was rather singularly grouped. The children of the house were of divided parentage. Belle was the daughter of Deersfield's present owner. Jane was his orphan niece. Caroline, the only child of a widowed mother, was destined to be heiress of Deersfield after the lifetime of her cousin Belle's father. Joe was the half-brother of Belle by her mother's former marriage. He was an orphan, possessed of a substantial patrimony. The guardians of the four children were the master of Deersfield and the mother of Caroline, who very harmoniously ruled these incongruous elements given into their care by a strange fate. Belle and Jane were not difficult to manage. Joe, a gentle lad, gifted with a wonderful talent for coloring to the life, and afflicted with a stammering speech that made him reticent of talk and shy of companionship, was devoted almost to the degree of solitude in his ceaseless application to his art. Caroline was a tease and a romp, forever in disgrace.

It was no matter of surprise to Joe that on the morning after Charlie Evans's fancy ball the Daughter of the Regiment was in solitary confinement as punishment of some unpardonable act. She hailed Joe from her window as he crossed the lawn, motioning to him that she wanted to let down a basket for provisions, as she would not and could not eat "dry bread."

Joe had been her forager before; her slave he always was. To say truth, he loved this wild, naughty, self-assertive playmate of his with all the secret fervor of a boy's heart. Caroline was aware of the hidden sentiment, and imposed upon the homage egregiously.

Joe having satisfied himself that the coast was clear, received the basket which Caroline dropped from her window with a cord. The basket contained a three-cornered note.

"DEAR JOE,—It's perfectly shameful that I'm *locked up*. I should *starve* if it were not for you. All I did was to go up in the cupola last night with Charlie Evans to see his *caged* eagle. Poor thing, it *pines*. And it was so nice up there, we *staid* an hour. Mamma was *awfully angry*. So was Ben, for I was *engaged* two dances with him, and missed both. Oh, Joe, you ought to have *been* there! it was *very* poky in you not to come *late*, as you promised.

"Tell Nan to send *minced* veal if she has any —I think she *must*—and plenty of bread and *butter* (and some brown sugar *to spread*), and some *pickles*, and a piece of *cold* chicken, and anything *else* that is nice. CAROLINE."

A quick, sharp flush crossed Joe's face as he read this note, not in disgust, as one might imagine, at the mundane appetite of his fair goddess, but at the one sentence of the note not marked emphatically with underline: "Up in the cupola last night with Charlie Evans."

Joe smothered his jealous pang, bribed Nan the cook liberally, and sent the basket up to Caroline so heavily loaded that one ounce more would have broken the cord.

Mamma from a recess of the library window caught a glimpse of this transaction, but by the time she reached the third story, unlocked the door, and confronted her prisoner, basket and contents had alike vanished. Caroline's lips were extremely red, but otherwise there was no sign that anything had been devoured. She sat in the window-space breaking bread into crumbs; a flock of wood birds hovered around her.

"I can not eat dry bread, mamma," she said; "but my birds do; they seem to love it."

"Carrie, Carrie, what a girl you are!" said mamma. She meant to be reproachful, but her voice was not stern; she was viewing her daughter in one of those winning traits that offset her hoiden ways. Caroline, often unkind to people, to animals was always kind. Every dumb beast at Deersfield loved her, from the Alderney cow, whose affectionate face she stroked every morning, to the last little golden-down chicken of the white hen's brood. She had broken to saddle more than one spirited colt, and her pack of pet dogs numbered many of formidable breed—one a blood-hound.

The rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed Carrie was an attractive creature as she sat in the sunlight feeding the birds, which, answering her call, sped from the grove, and alighted fearlessly on her head, her hands, and her shoulders. Mamma's forgiveness was won by the picture.

To Joe, looking from below, the vision was even more picturesque: the dormer-window in the gray roof overhung with vines of woodbine and wistaria, the dark recess relieving the sun-lit figure, the smiling face welcoming the birds..

As years passed on, the three pretty school-girls became winning and won young ladies. Belle married first, then Jane, and now Caroline was engaged to be married to Charlie Evans, in spite of the remonstrance of many of her friends, who knew the young man to be as unprincipled in morals as he was handsome in person.

Willful Caroline answered, to all remonstrance: "I have loved him all my life; I *like* him; and I have promised to be his wife."

On the day that this engagement was announced, Joe sailed from America to study in Italy his art.

There had been a stormy scene the night before. When Caroline deliberately told Joe that her hand was irrevocably promised to his long-dreaded rival, Joe's anguish was something too complete to be hidden; its intensity and force shocked Caroline. She knew not what to say to this faithful lover of years to alleviate his pain. She boldly sprang to the defensive, and then to an aggressive course. She sharply, almost coarsely, reproved him for having lavished his heart upon one who could not by any possibility return his affection.

They parted more in anger than in sorrow. Such was Caroline's caprice; and Joe, renouncing all hope of happiness, tried to draw consolation from the sole reflection: "I have my art."

One August night, a month before the time fixed for Caroline's marriage, a message was brought to her from the village that lay in the beautiful valley at the foot of the rolling uplands of Deersfield. Close under the gateways there lived a young woman who had been for several years seamstress at "the mansion," and who, gathering together all her earnings, established herself with her aged mother in the modest cottage which she hoped to call home for a happy lifetime. But ceaseless toil with the needle told upon her strength, and she had fallen a victim to consumption. Her days were nearly numbered, and she had sent the message to her "dear Miss Caroline, who had always been so indulgent," to please to come soon as possible to receive a dying woman's request.

Caroline, although the hour was late, said, "I will go at once." As was her independent way, she started forth on her errand unattended, and bidding her mother "good-night," added, "Do not be alarmed if I remain until daybreak."

The moon was full, and the August night was almost as light as day. But day never casts such tender entrancing glances upon its busy world as the shining night gives to its spell-bound kingdom.

Caroline's pathway lay along a terrace bordering a grove of locust-trees of great height, and so foliaged that the arches of their branches opened a perspective that seemed, this enchanted night, more like a temple than a grove. Beyond this grove lay the adjoining country-seat where dwelt Charlie Evans; and as Caroline went slowly along the path her gaze penetrated the recesses of the great trees, as if to rest upon something dear beyond. The dark eyes grew soft with tender expression, her heart was filled with the image of her lover, and the voluptuous atmosphere of the peerless night held senses and soul in accord.

Below the terrace lay the fair map of widely spreading landscape; but Caroline had no thought for this scene, and did not even glance at it until she reached the gate. Then she entered a village lane, and the dreamy look vanished from her face as she considered her errand.

The house she entered was a cottage so built that its porch had double entrances. One of these opened into the dwelling of the poor seamstress; the other had been occupied since May by a master-workman in a factory beyond the village, himself a stranger to the region, who brought with him as housekeeper his daughter, a girl of unusual beauty, a rustic queen, a blonde of that vital temperament which gives to youthful health its most expressive form. This daughter, Mag Merritt, became the village belle.

As Caroline entered the porch the Merritts' portion of the cottage was quite still and dark. On the other side the lattice was thrown open upon a garden crowded with fragrant plants, and a faint light gleamed out. The light was burning in the chamber, where, after a word with the sinking sufferer and the mother enfeebled by grief, Caroline decided to remain all night.

Before midnight the purpose for which the mistress of Deersfield had been summoned was duly confided to her ear; and then sleep fell on the sufferer, and Caroline, having dismissed the aged watcher, was alone. She turned the lamp low, and drew her chair by the window, where the perfume of the garden floated in, the mingled breath of carnation and rose. For years after that night the scent of these precious flowers sent a faintness to Carrie's heart and a pallor to her lips like the poison of deadly plants.

Near midnight, when all was still save the midsummer insects humming in the trees, and the distant rippling of the brook, approaching voices were heard.

Two people were coming along the lane toward the cottage. Words indistinct at first grew clear as they came near. They were lovers' voices and lovers' words.

"Mag, my darling!"

"Oh, Charlie, if it were not for that!"

"If it were not for that, you would go with me; we would fly to the far West, to California. You would be a queen, Mag, in the unconventional New World. We would go together to-morrow—yes, to-morrow, my love, my only love."

"To-morrow, dear boy, if it were not for *that*."

"And when you know so well that I do not love her; that I never have loved her; that it is a made match; a marriage for money! Oh, Mag, how can you be so unreasonable?"

"But *she loves you*," said the woman's voice, now close at Caroline's ear, under the roof of the porch.

"Yes, she loves me; there's the rub. That rather hurts a fellow; he doesn't want to be hard on a girl who loves him, and has loved him all his life. But then, you see, I can not return her affection—the kind of affection she wants. And she's a spirited creature, Mag: ought I to marry her as I feel now? If it hadn't been for you, you witch, I might have come to care for her in time. But, Mag, I'm a changed man now; I know what love is; I dread my marriage-day like a funeral."

A pause—a little rustling pause. Then a whisper unheard; a louder whisper distinct: "Oh, Mag, my darling, my darling, say yes."

"I can not, Charlie, with that woman's image before me. It would haunt us till our dying—"

Caroline heard no more. When next a sound reached her, it was the sound of the work-a-day world. A market wagon had broken near the lane, and the harsh voice of the driver was wreaking upon his horses the anger roused by the disaster. The moon had set; it was nearly day.

There is nothing so desolate as the breaking of daylight upon a new and overwhelming grief. Night has a wing of its own to fold about the sorrowful; but the tearful eyes, the crushed spirit, shrink from the brazen gaze, the undaunted front, of day.

Caroline before noon sent a letter to Charlie Evans that made him a free man:

"Something tells me that I can not possibly be your wife. I am sorry that circumstances have so shaped themselves, but I am compelled to withdraw my promise. Do not see me. I shall refuse an interview. When a year has passed, and we meet again—if we meet again—let us meet as friends. Caroline."

Charlie Evans used his freedom. He obtained, by not strictly honorable means, a sufficient sum of money to venture fortune-seeking in California. He was married to Mag Merritt on his way to the West; and his friends, indignant at the runaway match, bitterly blamed Caroline.

Caroline bitterly blamed herself, but never for any act toward Charlie Evans. Her thoughts flew to her faithful lover whom she had mercilessly trifled with, and dismissed at last cruelly. She felt now what pangs she had inflicted upon the earnest-hearted Joe. She, who was so quickly alive to all animal wants, who really suffered sympathetically with the pains and aches, the toils and hungers, of dumb creatures, had never given one sigh of compassion to the pangs equally dumb, but infinitely keener—the aches, the hungers, the overburdened sighs, of that silent angel, the human soul. She had no patience with the shrinking victims of the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." She had laughed to scorn "the pangs of unrequited love." Now she would give years of her life to call back the past, and be a kinder girl to her faithful friend. Since their parting she had heard but seldom from Joe, and after her uncle's death the unfrequent tidings altogether ceased. Now she wrote to Belle, who lived abroad, to send her some word of "her old friend."

Belle wrote saying she was ashamed to confess how ignorant she was, but the last she heard Joe was making a furor with his wonderful paintings; he had settled himself in Rome, and she believed he had married the daughter of an American consul to one of the Mediterranean ports.

Misfortune followed Caroline. By a series of culpable mismanagements by people in trust Caroline's inheritance was lost. Before she had enjoyed for three years the possession of her beloved Deersfield that noble place was offered at public sale. Since the day of her great sorrow Caroline had met no trial like this. Indeed, her heart had flown to all that was dear in her country home as refuge from its bitter loneliness. Now this refuge was gone.

The day of the sale, after having ordered the preparation of the house and grounds with care of every detail, Caroline mounted her favorite riding-horse, and rode far off into the wood paths. She returned after sunset, in the twilight dusk.

She knew as she entered the house that all was over; she felt that the home was no longer hers. She felt, brave and spirited as she was, that the world to her, save that it held her mother, was a place only of dreariest exile.

She was met in the hall by one of her faithful servants, who seemed to have been weeping. "Miss Caroline," he faltered, "the gentleman who has bought the house is in the parlor, and wishes to see you."

Caroline had been marble-pale when this message reached her, but now the hot blood flashed to her cheeks. She checked a violent exclamation. Her heart arose indignant against this last demand upon her endurance. She conquered herself, and said, "I will see him."

But the gentleman whom she found in the parlor was not the dreaded stranger who held her treasure, not the new master of the house whose inimical form her fancy had already conjured. No; it was an old friend, an artist returned from abroad, bringing his laurels with him—an artist who had come to tell Caroline that all his fame had been won by his devotion to her image—a friend come to tell Caroline that time had not changed and never would change the constancy of his heart.

It was only Joe.

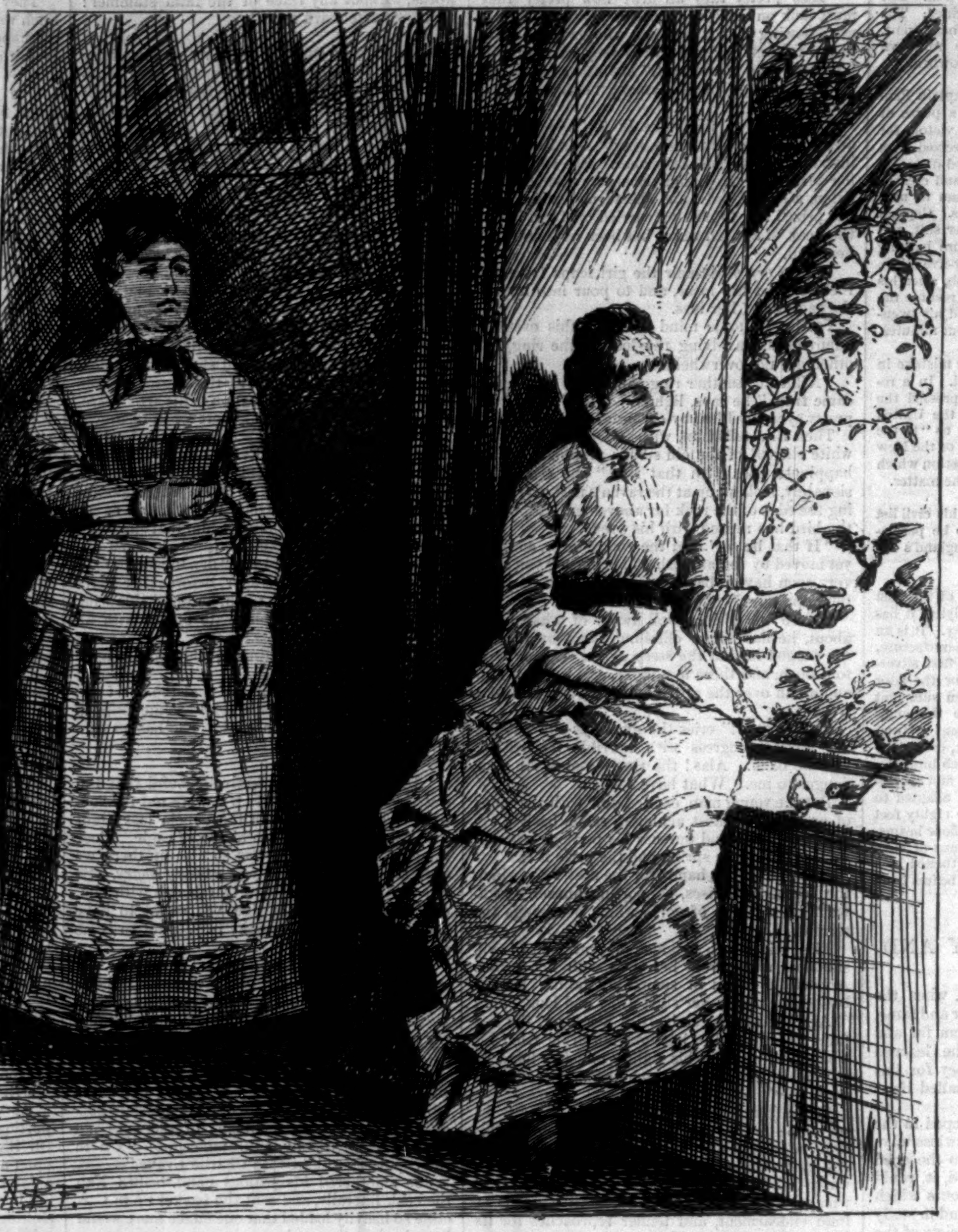
On the very next day to the day of her despair, hope dawned upon Caroline. The world became something more than a place of dreary exile.

"And you really bought Deersfield?"

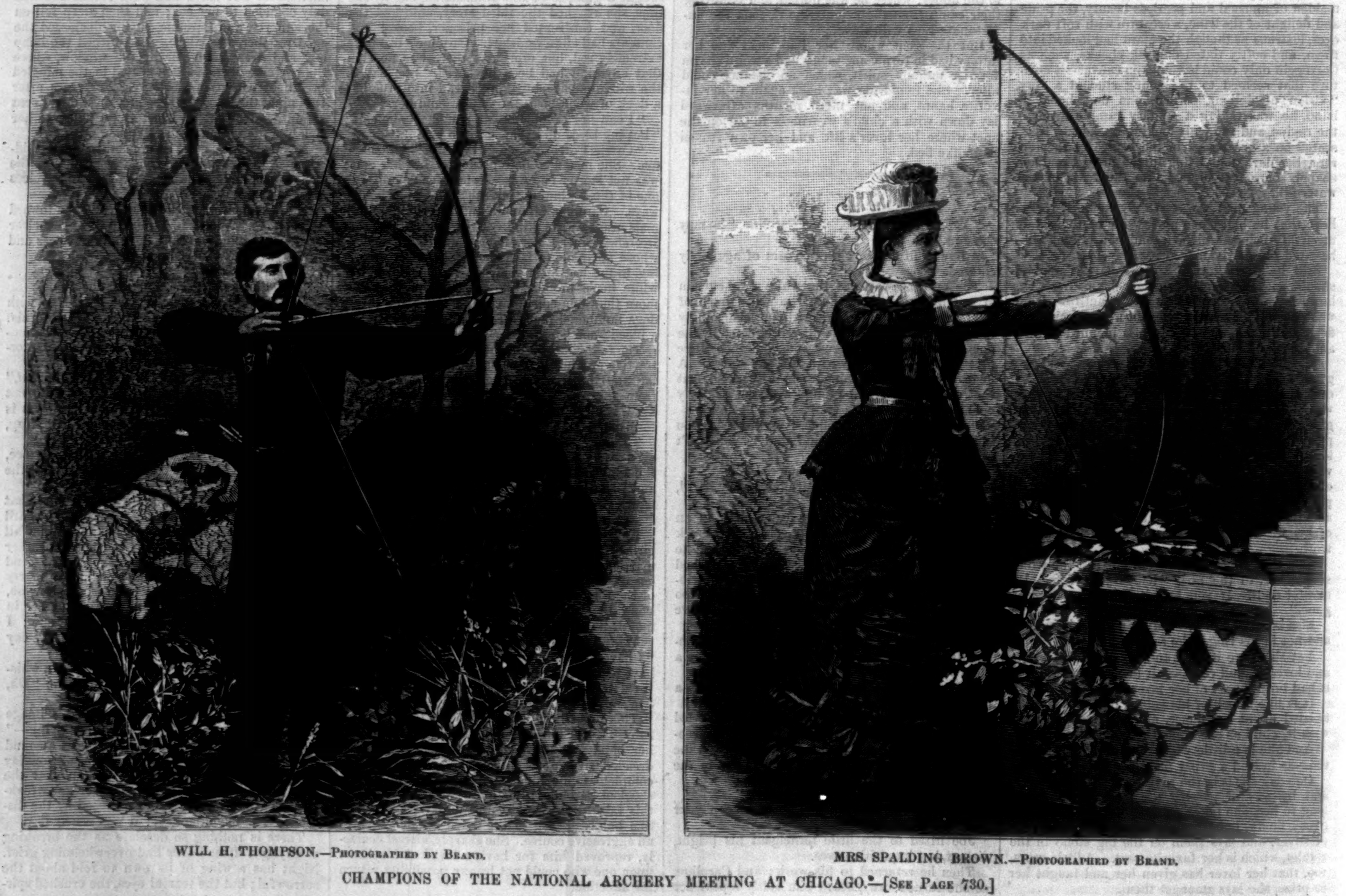
"Yes; but on—only with your—your money—the payment for your image. Caroline with the birds; Caroline with the blood-hound; Caroline standing in the field, with the wild colts careering toward her, only, as one in the picture shows, to lay the trustful head against her shoulder. These pictures brought great prices. Caroline—Carrie, Deersfield is yours."

"And you—you dear, dear Joe?" It was Carrie who stammered now.

"I am yours too. My love, my queen, my darling!"



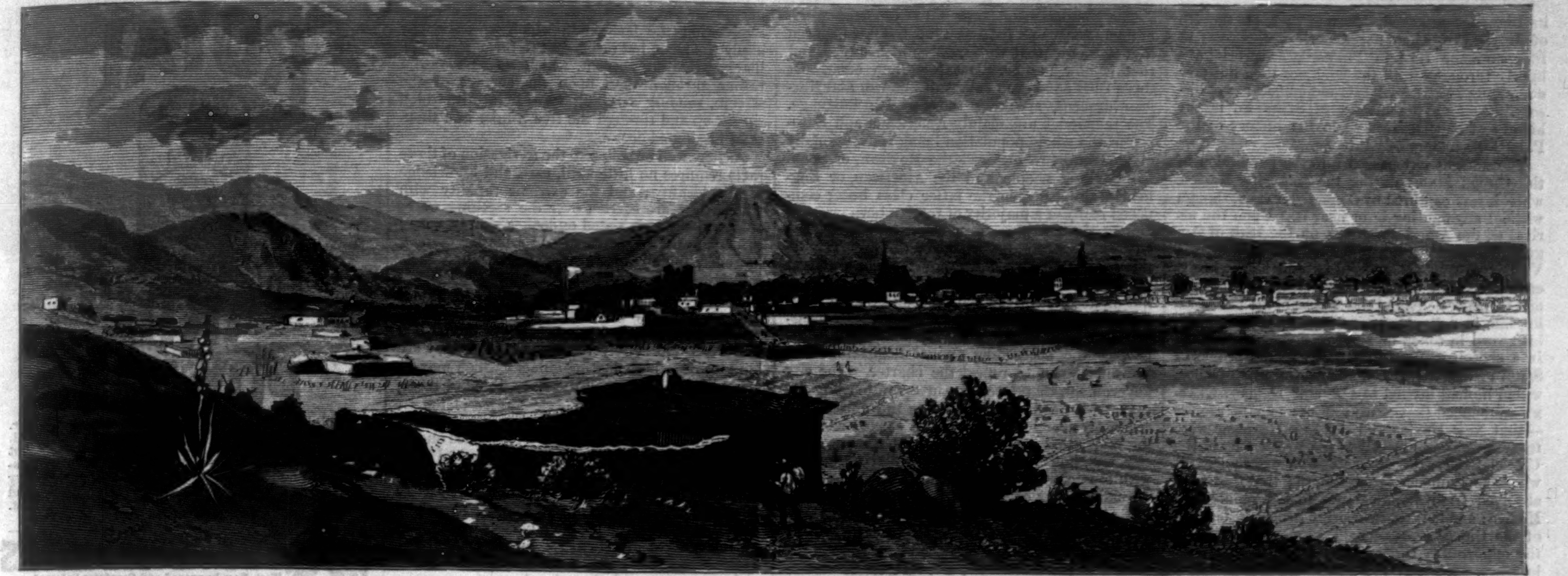
"CARRIE WAS AN ATTRACTIVE CREATURE AS SHE SAT FEEDING THE BIRDS."—Drawn by A. B. Frost.



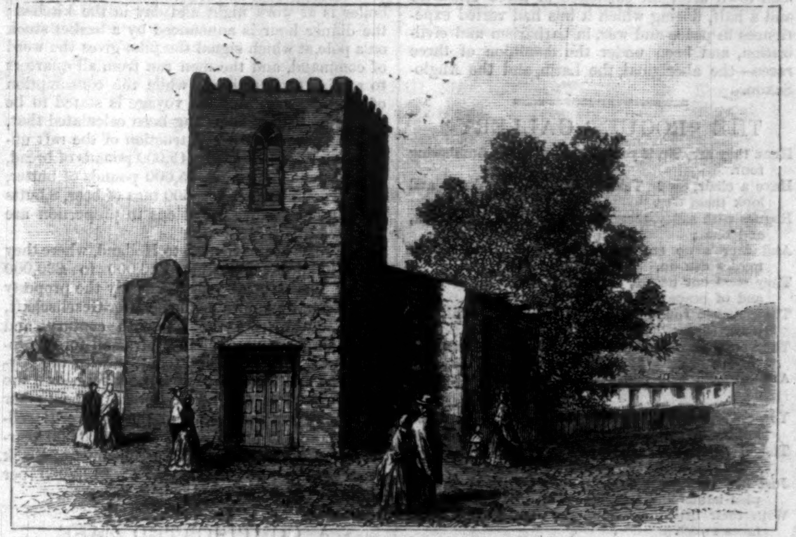
WILL H. THOMPSON.—Photographed by Brand.

MRS. SPALDING BROWN.—Photographed by Brand.

CHAMPIONS OF THE NATIONAL ARCHERY MEETING AT CHICAGO.—[See Page 730.]



GENERAL VIEW OF SANTA FÉ.

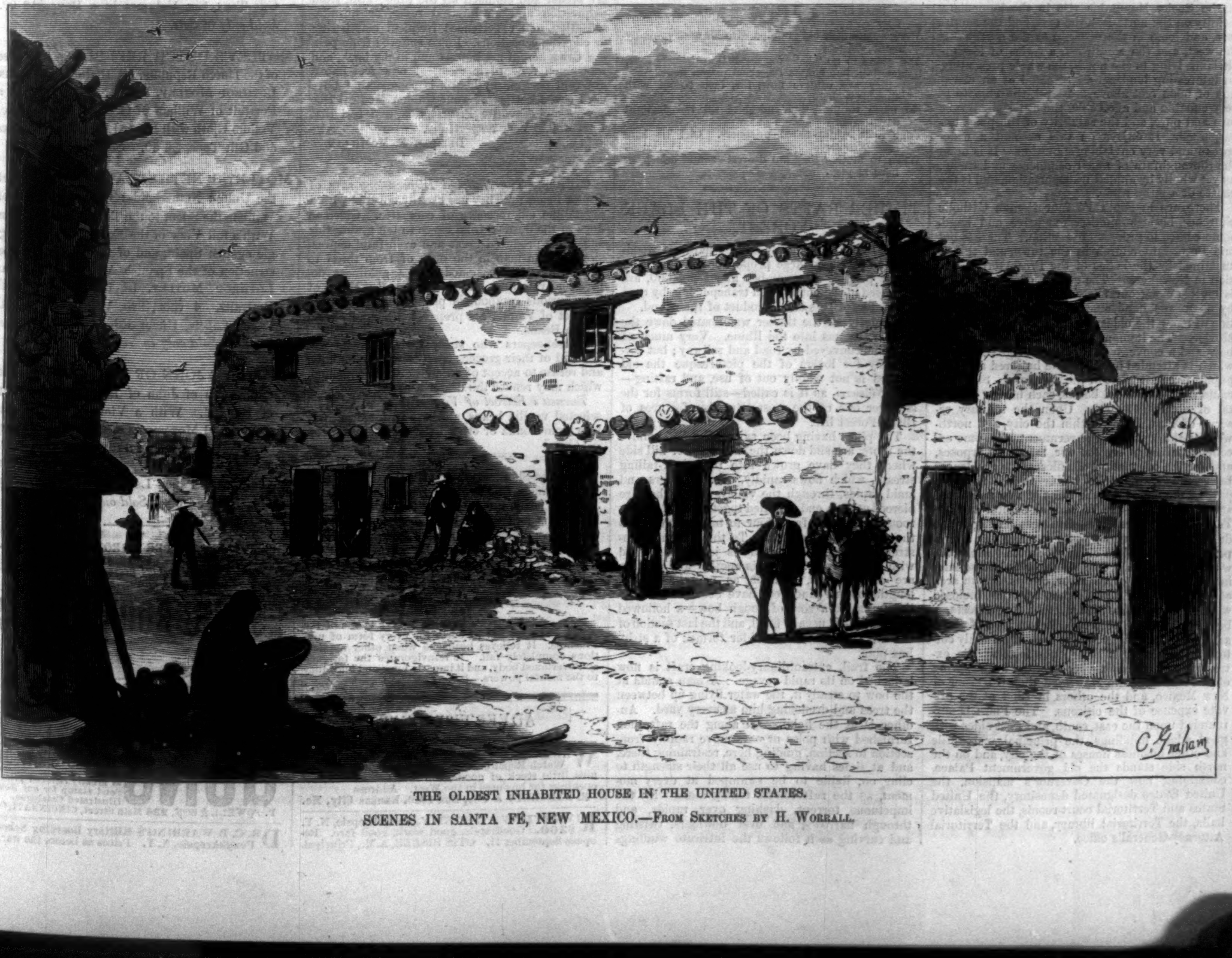


THE ONLY PROTESTANT CHURCH IN SANTA FÉ.

SANTA FÉ.

Our readers will be interested in the sketches given on this page of Santa Fé, New Mexico, which enjoys the distinction of being the oldest town within the whole territory of the United States. As the city of Mexico of to-day is but the old Aztec pueblo of Tenochtitlan of Montezuma, so is Santa Fé but the old pueblo of Cicuyé of Coronado. St. Augustine, in the State of Florida, settled in 1565, was conceded the distinction of being the oldest until the acquisition of New Mexico and its capital, Santa Fé, by the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, in 1848, when the latter assumed that rank, in virtue of being, when the Spaniards first visited it in or about the year 1542, a populous Indian pueblo or town—one that had been in existence there is no knowing how many decades or centuries. The military exploring forces of the Spanish commander **Francisco Vasquez Coronado** visited various pueblos in this vicinity at that time, mentioning them in his reports by their Indian names, now passed into oblivion, and one of them unquestionably stood upon the site of the present city of Santa Fé. Which of them it was is now unknown, for, owing to the unfortunate poverty of description among the historians of that expedition, it is now very difficult, if not impossible, to identify any of them with certainty; still, there are indications that justify antiquarians in connecting Santa Fé with Cicuyé.

From the time that the Spaniards entered and occupied the country, before the beginning of the seventeenth century to the present day, Santa Fé has always been the political and military capital of New Mexico, which, under the three distinct nationalities to which it has at different times belonged, has always constituted a separate political organization, except when in 1823–24 it constituted, with Chihuahua and Durango, one of the Mexican States. The historic old Palace building on the plaza has been occupied successively as his official residence by the haughty war-loving Governor and Captain-General under Spain, by the power-exercising civil and military Governor and political chief under Mexico, and now by the statute-restricted Governor under the United States. This interesting old building, on account of the repairs repeatedly made upon it nowadays, is fast losing its antique appearance and internal arrangements. It has been the scene of many events of interest and importance, the recital of which would seem to us of to-day almost incredible. In it lived and ruled the Spanish Captain-General, so remote and inaccessible from the viceroyalty at Mexico that he was in effect a king, nominally accountable to the viceroy, but practically beyond his reach and control, and wholly without direct responsibility to the people. Equally independent for the same reason were the Mexican Governors. Here met all the provincial, territorial, departmental, and other legislative bodies that have ever assembled at the capital of New Mexico. Here have been planned all the domestic Indian wars and measures for defense against foreign invasion, including as the most noteworthy the Navajo war of 1823 and the Texan invasion of 1842, the American of 1846 and the Confederate of 1862. Within its walls was imprisoned in 1809 the American explorer **Zebulon M. Pike**, and innumerable state prisoners before and since; and many a sentence of death has been pronounced therein, and the accused forthwith led away and shot at the dictum of the man at the Palace. It has been from time immemorial the government-house, with all



THE OLDEST INHABITED HOUSE IN THE UNITED STATES.

SCENES IN SANTA FÉ, NEW MEXICO.—From Sketches by H. Worrall.

its branches annexed. It was such on the 4th of July, 1776, when the American Congress at Independence Hall in Philadelphia proclaimed liberty throughout all the land, not then but now embracing it. Indeed, this old edifice has a history. And as the history of Santa Fé is the history of New Mexico, so is the history of the Palace the history of Santa Fé.

The ancient city passed into the possession of the United States during the war with Mexico, when it was captured by General Kearny, though without any fighting in or near it. Upon the arrival of the American troops, on the 18th of August, 1846, the Secretary of State, Juan Bautista Vigil y Alarid, acting in the absence of the Governor, received General Kearny at the Palace, and formally delivered the capital to him, addressing him in a dignified speech, and presenting him his sword in token of surrender and submission. In a speech made subsequently to the people of Santa Fé and the surrounding towns and ranches, whom he had invited to assemble, General Kearny announced that there was now a new régime—that New Mexico and the New-Mexicans were transferred permanently to the sovereignty of the United States, the character and excellences of whose government were set forth; that they were absolved from all allegiance to the republic of Mexico; and that those desiring to become citizens of the United States would at once be afforded the opportunity formally to declare their new allegiance. Many of the people did so, and many declined. In after-years, however, as the permanency of the American government became manifest and assured, nearly all the resident Mexicans who had declared their intention to retain the character of Mexican citizens, under the stipulations of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo of 1848, sooner or later became American citizens by naturalization, and the remainder of them became such in 1851 by the operation of the treaty. On the 22d of August General Kearny issued his proclamation to the people of New Mexico, embodying the sentiments and declarations expressed in his speeches; and a month later he issued another proclamation, announcing and proclaiming a civil and military provisional government for the Territory of New Mexico, and a code of laws for the same, which remained in force until the installation, in 1850, of the existing Territorial government.

Santa Fé is by no means a picturesque or imposing town, in spite of its ancient buildings and elevated site. It lies upon both sides of Santa Fé Creek—a small river flowing from the lake on the top of the mountain twelve miles to the east, and running westerly into the Rio Grande del Norte fourteen miles from the city. From it the fields and gardens in the valley are irrigated for cultivation, the whole volume of water being usually during the irrigating season diverted into the branching *acequias* or irrigating canals. The city residences and other buildings are almost universally of the Mexican style, built of adobes or sun-dried brick, one story high, are warm in winter and cool in summer, and are withal quite comfortable. It has been aptly said that the city when viewed from either of the fine natural eminences overlooking it presents the appearance of a large collection of brick-kilns. Huge spurs of the Rocky Mountains rise in the immediate vicinity on the northeast, the east, and the southeast, and loom in the distance to the northwest, the west, and the southwest, a series of low table-lands lying to the north, the whole presenting an interesting landscape. Situated at an elevation of 6862 feet above sea-level, the climate is very equable and agreeable, the atmosphere very rare and pure, and the salubrity of the place unsurpassed. It enjoys on this account a widespread and very enviable reputation. It is upon the thoroughfare of much commerce and travel, as yet wholly by animal transportation, and is the centre of a large trade.

There are in Santa Fé four Roman Catholic churches, besides another extensive and handsome edifice in process of erection. There is but one Protestant church in the town, and this is sustained by the ladies of the Presbyterian Mission in New York. The edifice, of which a view is given among our sketches, is substantial, but by no means handsome, and enjoys the distinction of being the oldest Protestant church in New Mexico. The Roman Catholics have a college for boys and a conventual academy for girls, each of which is attended by about one hundred and fifty pupils, from all parts of the Territory. Santa Fé contains two national banks, each having a capital of about $150,000. Upon the military reserve of Fort Marcy, within the city, and northwest of the Plaza, the government has some excellent buildings erected for military purposes, and for the occupation of officers, the residences being only two stories high. In the northern part of the city stand the ruins of two unfinished stone buildings—the Territorial Capitol and the Territorial Penitentiary—Congress having failed during the last twenty years to make any appropriation to complete or to prosecute further the work upon them. The Plaza, or public square, in the city north of the river, comprising an area of about two and a half acres, contains, inclosed with palings inside the surrounding streets, a beautiful park of trees covering an area of about an acre and a quarter. The trees are mainly cottonwoods, the eight large ones forming the extreme north tier having been set out in the spring of 1844 by Mariano Martinez, then Governor of New Mexico, and the others in 1863 at the private expense of the citizens. The Plaza is surrounded upon the east, south, and west sides with good adobe buildings, the principal mercantile and other business houses of the city, and on the north side stands the old government Palace, containing now the Governor's mansion, the United States designated depository, the United States and Territorial court-rooms, the legislative halls, the Territorial library, and the Territorial Attorney-General's office.

The population of Santa Fé is reported in the national census of 1870 as 4765, but it is believed that it was at that time really much larger, and that it now numbers not less than 6500. Of these fully 5500 are persons of Spanish and Mexican descent, speaking the Spanish language. The remainder are mainly Americans and Europeans, the whole population being conventionally divided into two classes—the Mexican, or Spanish-speaking people, and the American, or English-speaking people, the latter class being composed really of a majority of foreign-born persons, among them a large proportion of Jews. The city was incorporated in 1851; the first Territorial Legislature assembled under act of Congress of September 9, 1850, organizing the Territory, but on account of the levy and collection of taxes for the support of the city government—a measure then entirely new, and very distasteful to the people—the succeeding annual Legislature was prevailed upon to repeal the charter. The city government, therefore, was in operation but one year, and the first and hitherto the only mayor Santa Fé ever had was the one elected and acting under that charter, Mr. Robert Nesbit. The city was, however, thereafter regularly provided with municipal regulations, and a police appointed, under a law of the Legislature, by the prefect of Santa Fé County, of which it has always been the capital, the police being paid from the county funds. The matter is now under the management of a board of County Supervisors created by the Twenty-second Legislature—that of 1875–76. In this way Santa Fé has become a normal American town after an existence of three centuries and a half, during which it has had varied experiences in peace and war, in barbarism and civilization, and been under the dominion of three races—the aboriginal, the Latin, and the Anglo-Saxon.

THE "ROGUES' GALLERY."

Here they are, Sir, if you please, portraits numbering four.
Have a chair, Sir? Take your time; sit down and look them o'er.
Rogues with saucy, merry eyes, of brown, and black, and blue;
And there's no end of mischief, Sir, those clever rogues can do.
They steal our hearts, and break the rules of quiet and of peace;
Their racket round about the house we think will never cease;
They coax us out of order with their sweet enticing ways,
And fill with wild confusion the would-be peaceful days.

Yes, only *little* rogues, Sir; but I would have you know
They'll surely lose their power when at last they older grow.
Just *now* they work their mischief, with their dimpled hands and feet,
With their little lisping tongues, and their roguish faces sweet.
They rob us of our kisses, and of our love as well,
Stealing hearts and thoughts so truly. And can we ever tell
How many nights of comfort these rogues have stol'n away?
How many anxious hours have filled both night and day?

If for their little sins I hold these rogues in durance vile,
Along comes dear old grandpa with his sunny, kindly smile,
And offers to go "bail" for my little prisoners four,
Demanding that I open the cruel prison door.
But they are captive now, Sir, fast bound with slumber's chain,
No more to plot their mischief till the daylight dawn again—
Four little white-robed prisoners. Oh! 'tis hard indeed to say
When to mother they are dearest—sound asleep, or hard at play.

TIMBER RAFTS OF THE BLACK FOREST.

The Bauer is primarily and by nature a woodman, and a very large proportion of the Black Forest people, who number about 300,000, are employed in the cutting and transporting, by road and water, of this chief product of their land.

Formerly all the timber was floated down the various streams into the Rhine. Very much of it is now conveyed by road and railway; but fortunately for lovers of the picturesque the old method is not wholly out of use, and rafting—*Holz-Flösserei*, as it is called—still forms for the stranger one of the most attractive features of Black Forest life.

The pines having been sawn off a little above the roots, are slid down the mountain or hill side where they have grown into the never-failing stream, which flows rapidly, over bowlders and amid rapids, through the valley. Here they are pierced at each end, and tied together with willow roots, in rows of from four to ten, according to the width of the stream. To this roughly constructed raft a similar one is joined, also tied with willow roots. To this another and another are added, until, perhaps, as many as thirty lengths of tall pine-trees have been joined. To the foremost a sort of rough bow—a hollowed tree trunk—is usually fixed, and the last section of the raft is fitted with a rudder formed of a stripling pine.

The frail, extraordinary-looking craft is now launched on its rapid voyage. A man stands at the bow to steady it, the water flying up between the trees and drenching him at every yard. Another is at the helm. All along the raft, men furnished with poles or oars move rapidly from section to section, guiding here, restraining there, and at times having to use all their strength to cling on, liable to be swamped at every moment, as the raft rushes madly along with the impetuous torrent, dashing over rapids, and through narrows, and over bowlders, twisting and curving as it follows the intricate windings of the stream, "like a thing of life;" not precisely after the fashion in which we ordinarily apply the term, but rather in the form of a huge, black, wriggling serpent, which seems to swim rather through than upon the surface of the stream, sending a rolling wave before it, which surges up and through the tree trunks in a thousand hissing eddies.

As may well be believed, the navigation of these rafts requires no little skill, care, and knowledge of the locality; and the extreme rapidity with which they are carried over the seething water seems to the uninitiated on-looker simply a mad career toward destruction. As a matter of fact, however, the streams are so shallow that little real danger exists.

Where the narrow mountain stream flows out into the scarcely less rapid river the rafts are widened and joined to others, until in time, when the broad and stately Rhine is reached, they are built up into those floating villages which may so often be observed upon the river, some of them, it is said, 700 feet long.

These constructions are very peculiar. They are formed of several layers of trees placed one on the other, and planked over with rough deal so as to form a deck. Upon this are erected various small huts and cabins; for the Rhine raft carries often a population of not less than three or four hundred persons, the boatmen being accompanied by their wives and families, while cows, fowls, and pigs are also carried for the use of the crew; and we are assured that the domestic economy of an East Indiaman or an English man-of-war could hardly be more complete. A well-supplied boiler is at work night and day in the kitchen; the dinner hour is announced by a basket stuck on a pole, at which signal the pilot gives the word of command, and the men run from all quarters to receive their rations; while the consumption of provisions during the voyage is stated to be almost incredible, it having been calculated that, from the time of the construction of the raft until it is sold, no less than 45,000 pounds of bread, 30,000 pounds of meat, 15,000 pounds of butter, 10,000 pounds of cheese, 500 tuns of beer, 8 butts of wine, and other provisions in proportion are disposed of.

The rafts are navigated to Holland, where they are sold, producing from £20,000 to £30,000 each. The rafts are very frequently the property of a company known as the Schiffer-Gesellschaft, which dates from the sixteenth century, and which unites a vast number of small forest proprietors. This company, together with the government and the Prince of Furstenberg, own the greater part of the Black Forest. The timber exported from the forests of the Schiffer-Gesellschaft alone is estimated at over £100,000 yearly, and altogether Holland is a consumer of Black Forest timber to the amount of £170,000 per annum.

A COMPLICATED CASE.

Arlington, Ga., *January* 9, 1876.

Dr. Pierce:

Dear Sir,—I was sick for six years, and for two years could scarcely walk about the house. My breath was short, and I suffered from pain in my breast and stomach all the time; also, from palpitation and an internal fever, or burning sensation, and experienced frequent smothering or choking sensations. I also suffered from pain low down across my bowels and in my back, and was much reduced in flesh. I now feel like a different person, my health is so good. I have used seven bottles of your Golden Medical Discovery and Favorite Prescription, and feel that I am well. Very respectfully,

—[*Com.*] Delilah B. McMillan.

Caution.—The *National Dispensatory* says of Tonka Beans: "They are usually covered with a crystalline efflorescence of coumarin. Given to dogs in the dose of from seven to ten grains, this substance produced great and even fatal depression; and in man in the dose of from thirty to sixty grains it occasioned nausea, giddiness, depression, vomiting, and drowsiness." Many of the spurious compounds purporting to be pure Extract of Vanilla are prepared principally from Tonka Beans.

Housekeepers who study their interests will demand of their grocer strictly pure vanilla only, and refuse to accept of an adulterated compound, which may render the dealer a better profit.

Burnett's Extract of Vanilla is prepared from selected vanilla beans, and is warranted entirely free from Tonka or other deleterious substances.—[*Com.*]

The Sea-Shore Cottage at Atlanticville, near Long Branch, N. J., will be ready for Guests on July 1st. It is intended only for Working Girls. For terms and particulars, address or apply to the Young Women's Christian Association, No. 7 East 15th Street, between Broadway and Fifth Avenue, between 11 A.M. and 1 P.M., and 5 and 7 P.M. each day. Circulars sent on application.—[*Com.*]

Murray & Lanman's Florida Water is one of the surest and speediest of cures for every form of nervousness. It relieves headache when other applications completely fail. It reinvigorates the fatigued and overtaxed body, and it imparts force and buoyancy to the mental powers.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANTED.—A JEWELLER AND PRACTICAL Watch Repairer, with capital enough to put in a nice little stock of goods, can find one of the best openings for business in the West. Address
E. BARTLETT & CO., Box 1030, Kansas City, Mo.

RIVERVIEW ACADEMY, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. $300. Good style, good work, good fare. Reopens September 11. OTIS BISBEE, A.M., Principal.

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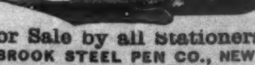

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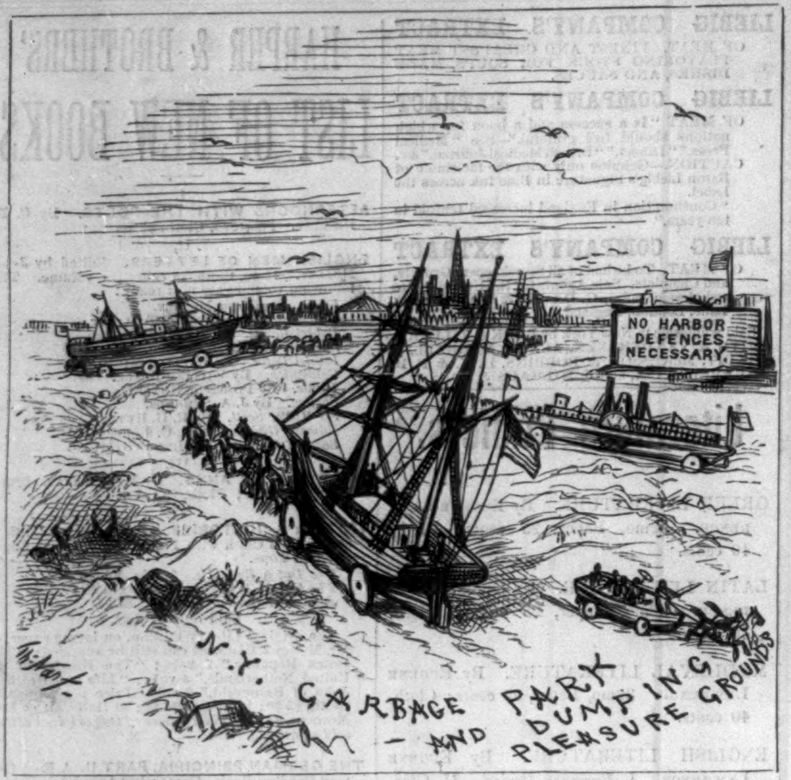
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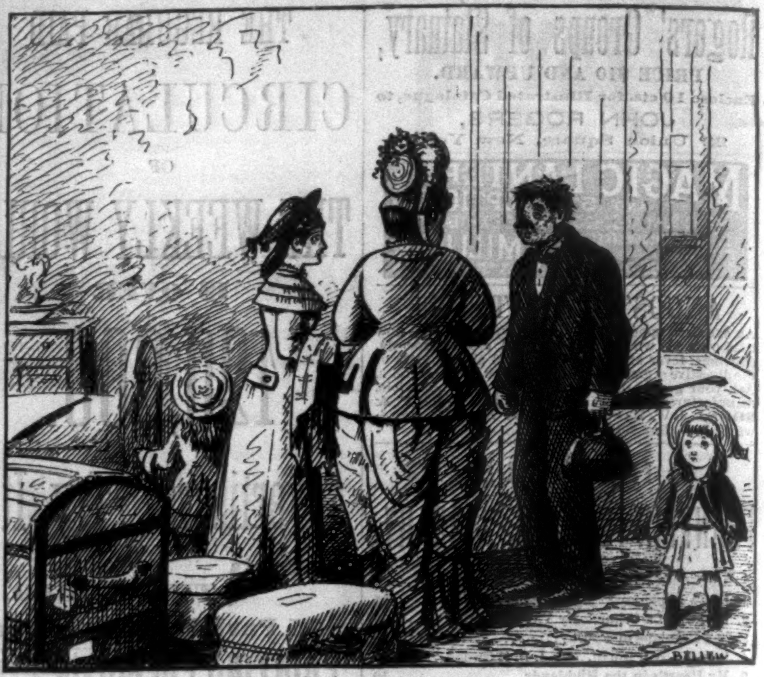

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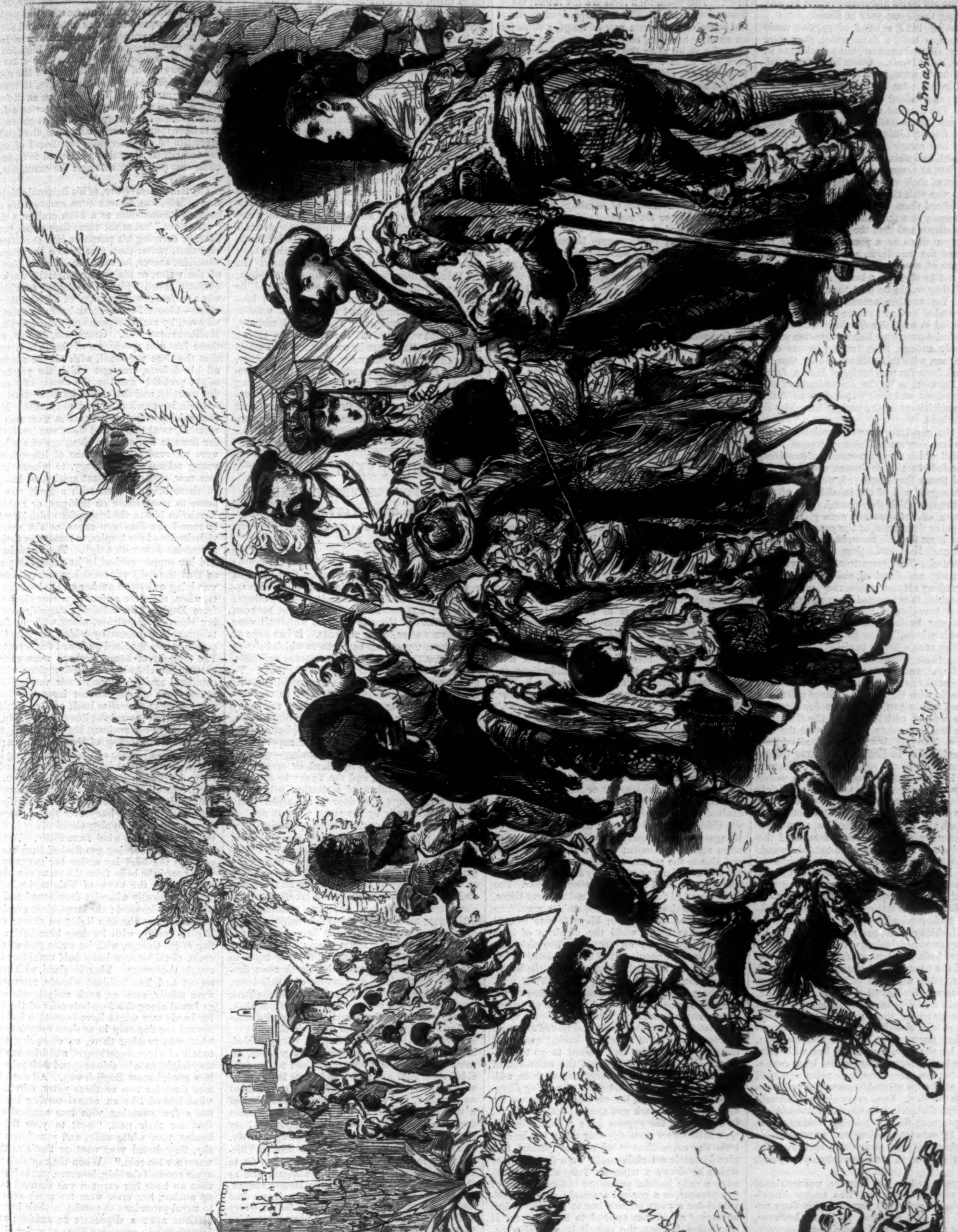

TOURISTS VISITING THE GYPSY CAVES AT GRANADA.—"SEÑORICA! UN OCHAVICO!"

THE GYPSIES.

TOWARD the earlier part of the fifteenth century the attention of various European nations was attracted toward a wandering tribe of people entirely different in appearance and manners from the established inhabitants, and speaking a language peculiar to themselves. None could account for their origin, neither could the route by which they had come be explained. They took up their temporary abode in places most congenial to their disposition, and were gradually dispersed through the Continent and among the principal islands. During their first introduction, and the periods immediately succeeding it, the strangers received various appellations, resulting either from corrupted dialects, or the conclusions regarding their origin formed by the people among whom they dwelt. But by common consent, in conjunction with some imperfect traditions regarding their history, the name of Egyptians, or Gypsies, has long been bestowed upon them.

Whence the gypsies originally came, and what were the motives which drove them from their native soil, are questions which, after having passed through a long stage of hopelessly absurd speculation, have of late years been ventilated by competent investigators, both linguists and historians, and are yet but partially solved. So much only seems established—that India, the cradle of many nations, was also the source from which they sprang. Whether, however, they are the Tshandalas of which the laws of Menon speak, or the kinsmen of the Bazeegars, or Nuts, of Calcutta; whether they belong to the Tshingani—a band of robbers near the mouth of the Indus—or are the descendants of those Luris, identical, according to Persian and Arabic authorities, with the Zuts or Djatts of Northern India, whom FIRDUSI mentions as having been called into Persia by BAHRAM GUR to the number of 10,000, about 420 A.D., that they might act as musicians to the poor, can not be affirmed with certainty, though there can be no doubt that theirs must have been at all times one of the poorest and most obscure tribes of India. The first considerable body left Asia for Europe before the twelfth century, perhaps in consequence of disastrous encounters with the Arabian conquerors; and TAMERLANE was undoubtedly the cause of more numerous emigrations in the fourteenth century.

The first mention of gypsies which occurs in European literature is embodied in a free paraphrase in German of the book of Genesis, written about 1122 by an Austrian monk. They are there described as "Ishmaelites and brasiers, who go peddling through the wide world, having neither house nor home, cheating mankind with their tricks, but not openly." Two hundred years later we find them in Hungary, at Cyprus, and in Wallachia. In 1417 they travelled in great hordes into Moldavia and many parts of Germany, and a year later, five months after the Council of Constance, they appeared 1000 strong before Zürich, commanded by a Duke MICHAEL, "of Little Egypt," accompanied by several dukes and knights, and carrying with them a good supply of money, sporting dogs, and other "marks of nobility." From Switzerland they descended into Italy, and in 1422 they showed themselves at Bologna and Forli. Another band, numbering this time, according to the old Swiss historian Stumpf, 14,000, arrived during this same year at Basle.

In August of 1427 a band of gypsies made their appearance before Paris, which they were not, however, allowed to enter, but were lodged at La Chapelle, Saint Denis. Other hordes succeeded these in the following years, spreading in rapid succession all over Spain, England, Russia, Scandinavia, and indeed over the remotest parts of Russia. The account which the gypsies most frequently gave of themselves was that they originally came from "Little Egypt," that the King of Hungary had compelled about 4000 of them to be baptized, had slain the remainder, and compelled the first to seven years' wandering. Another version of their story was that the Saracens had gone to war with them in Egypt, had subdued them, and forced them to renounce Christianity; that after some years they had been reconquered by the Christians, and that the Pope, Martin V., had laid upon them, as a penance for their renunciation of the true faith, a life of wandering for the space of seven years, during which time they were not to sleep in a bed. At the end of this period they would be sent to a fine and fertile land. Yet another account was that they were commanded by God to roam about the world for that period in expiation for their want of hospitality toward Joseph and Mary—a notion which has, curiously enough, been revived in our own day by Roberts, with this difference only, that he proves them, from the prophesies of Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel, to be the descendants of the ancient Egyptians, and their wanderings to be the predicted punishment of the various iniquities of their forefathers.

At first the gypsies were well received in the countries where they made their appearance. The romance with which they surrounded themselves, their pretended state of penitence, above all, the wealth and pomp they displayed, were sufficient to secure the good-will of the inhabitants of the countries through which they passed. In one instance letters of safe-conduct were given them by the Emperor Sigismund, of the genuineness of which there is no doubt. Soon, however, the tide began to turn. In a little time their resources were exhausted. They were treated everywhere with contumely, and despised, chiefly on account of the degrading arts of chiromancy, magic, and thieving to which they resorted for support. With the reckless brutality of the Middle Ages, edict after edict was hurled against these "diviners and wicked heathens." The governments of Europe vied with each other in banishing, outlawing, and slaying them whenever and wherever they could be found, and in most severely punishing those that dared to shelter them, chiefly "because of their traffic with the devil." These edicts remained in force in many countries down to the eighteenth century, and Frederick the Great renewed the law that every gypsy beyond the age of eighteen found in his dominions should be hanged forthwith. In England the most barbarous decrees were issued against them by Henry VIII. and Elizabeth. In Scotland, where, under James V., a certain Johnny Faa had been officially recognized by the crown as lord and count of Little Egypt, some of the severest edicts were promulgated, and in 1624 Helen Faa, a descendant of Johnny, with fifteen other women of the same royal stock, were condemned to be drowned.

Toward the latter half of the last century, however, more humane measures were adopted toward the gypsies, with a view to the improvement of their social and moral condition. Maria Theresa issued ordinances for the education of their children, and their gradual settlement as cultivators of the soil, chiefly in Hungary and Transylvania, where they swarmed in large numbers. Special streets were built for them at the ends of the villages, and the names of Uj-Magyar, Uj-Parasztok (New Peasants), were officially bestowed upon them. Joseph II. renewed these edicts in 1782, with certain modifications. Various other methods of amalgamating them with the general population were tried elsewhere. A society was formed for that purpose in 1832 at Southampton, England, by the Rev. Mr. Crabb, but with comparatively little effect. The gypsies have continued, with but few exceptions, their peculiar nomad life, with all its questionable resources and practices, up to this day. Even gypsy children brought up far from their tribe, in Christian households, seem to preserve their wandering instincts. As if driven by some mysterious and uncontrollable impulse, they will run away from their civilized homes as soon as a good opportunity presents itself.

The gypsy tribes are utterly unacquainted with science or literature. The scanty knowledge of their forefathers remains with them unimproved. A few of those in Spain, however, pretend to a knowledge of medicine and surgery, and the females in the neighborhood of Calcutta visit that and other towns, and prescribe for the complaints of their own sex. They have no settled principles of religion; they are Turks among the Turks, and Christians among the Christians. It does not appear that they celebrate any religious rites, or entertain the common sentiments of mankind in regard to a future life or places of reward and punishment. The son of a more civilized Transylvanian gypsy having died at school, and being about to receive Christian burial, the officiating priest inquired whether the survivors believed that he would rise again at the last day. "Strange superstition!" they answered, "to conceive that a carcass, a lifeless corpse, should be re-animated and rise again. It is no more likely to happen, in our opinion, than to the horse we flayed a few days ago." Their children, however, are circumcised in Turkey, and baptized in Europe.

Gypsy marriages, which take place at a very early age, are devoid of ceremony, and rather resemble temporary connections than a union for life. One of their number performs the part of priest, and thus gives the act the sanction of publicity. The youth then forsakes his father, takes possession of his wife, and, if capable of mechanical exercise, provides a pair of tongs, a stone for an anvil, a hammer, and commences the profession of a smith after the fashion of his predecessors. In India a scene of riot and intoxication precedes the establishment of the parties, and certain mystical ceremonies attend the marriage. The men are extremely jealous of their wives, who are kept in strict subservience, and are in danger of corporal punishment or absolute dismissal if they happen to displease their husbands. Both sexes are extravagantly attached to their offspring, and in some countries it frequently happens that the readiest method of obtaining payment of the father's debts is by arresting his offspring. No education is given to the young, unless it be in the act of stealing dexterously. Infants of five or six months' old are given spirits in India, and their mothers, while indulging a fatal propensity for the same beverages, suckle them until they have seen as many years. In Europe these people are remarkably healthy, and escape those epidemics which sweep away thousands around them. Even when afflicted with dangerous diseases they persistently refuse medical treatment. They make loud protestations at funerals, and carry the body of the leader of their horde to the grave with great respect and attention.

The language of the gypsies, though it has necessarily undergone many changes from their successive migrations and the corruptions unavoidable from living among different peoples, is peculiar to themselves in Europe; but it contains many affinities with a dialect of peculiar castes in Hindostan. This fact receives the stronger confirmation from having been first recognized by some young men, natives of the coast of Malabar, who were prosecuting their studies at Leyden. Numerous expressions were compared by them, and the investigation has since been carried to a greater extent by literary men residing in India. Etymologies are in general to be distrusted, for they frequently lead to the most ludicrous and absurd mistakes; but it is impossible to deny that the affinities of languages spoken by people far separated may be found so strong and decided that it is difficult to believe that they have not a common origin. On this subject Grellman remarks: "With respect to the construction and inflection of the two languages, they are evidently the same: that of Hindostan has only two genders, the gypsy the same. In the former every word ending in j is feminine, all the rest are masculine; in the latter it is the same. The first makes the inflections entirely by the article; the gypsy language has the same peculiarity. Finally, with a few exceptions, there is an identical similarity in the pronouns." Many other instances of mutual correspondence might be adduced, all tending to a similar conclusion, as may be seen in the writings of authors who discuss the subject.

The gypsies of Europe acknowledge a chief, or leader, who usually assumes the dignified title of *wayvode*, prince, duke, count, or lord, according to the countries frequented by them. The most exalted of these titles was at one time given to the chief who presided over the gold-washers of Hungary. The dignity was elective, but with some regard to descent from a former wayvode, and also to the stature and apparel of the individual chosen, who was commonly about middle age. The ceremonies of installation were peculiar. The future head of the tribes was lifted up three times, with the loudest acclamations, amid a numerous concourse of the people; his wife was treated with similar honor, while the dignities of both were recognized by all present. The titles assumed by these people are of ancient date. They appear in the fifteenth century, and in the beginning of the sixteenth. King James IV. of Scotland granted a pass and recommendation to the King of Denmark in favor of the tribe of Anthony Gewino, an earl from Little Egypt. He specifies that this miserable train had visited Scotland by command of the Pope, and having conducted themselves properly, they wished to go to Denmark. He therefore solicited the extension of his royal uncle's munificence toward them, adding, at the same time, that these wandering Egyptians must be better known to him, because the kingdom of Denmark was nearer to that of Egypt. In Hindostan the gypsies have a chief who has very little direct authority over them, but he controls the establishment of sets or parties who give dramatic entertainments, from the profits of which he draws a tribute. They also acknowledge a rude judicial procedure before a court of five persons, or a general assembly, and any individual for a petty offense has to pass the ordeal of having a hot iron applied to his tongue. If conviction follows, the culprit is generally sentenced to pay a fine in liquor, in which his judges participate, or, as a mark of the highest ignominy, he may be condemned to have his nose rubbed on the ground.

Almost in every country throughout the globe the gypsies have long been objects of reproach and detestation. From their first appearance they have been wandering outcasts, refused permission to settle in towns, or even in their immediate vicinity. The dislike manifested toward them, though attended with less barbarism, may be likened to the detestation which has followed the Jews since the destruction of Jerusalem. Those atrocious crimes, however, which stain the history of most nations have no parallel among gypsy annals. If their iniquities are numerous, they are of a petty description, directed against the property more than the persons of their fellow-creatures. The gypsies have nowhere manifested virtuous principles, or a desire to improve or compete with more settled nations. The depravity of parents passes to the children, who inherit along with it the detestation of the people among whom they seek an abode. In many countries certain efforts have been made to reclaim them, but for the most part they have been indiscriminately condemned to exile. This, however, may result from the fact that such efforts as have been made, whether by governments or private associations, have not met with the success they merited.

The increase of population and the growth of culture all over Europe are the worst enemies with which the gypsies have had to contend. Their forests are cut down, their heaths inclosed; houses are pushed right into their commons, and the credulity which made it easy for them to earn a living by their magic arts is waning more and more. It is doubtful, indeed, whether they will, as a separate race, survive many centuries more in Europe. Their numbers at this moment are stated so very differently that it is impossible to know how many still exist. Altogether—including those in Turkey, Asia, and Africa—they are supposed to number about five millions. A small portion only of these occupies as a body fixed habitations in Hungary and Transylvania, where they are employed as farmers and gold-washers. In the Principalities they live in a kind of serfdom, and are divided into four classes—Rudari, or Aurari, gold-seekers; Ursari, bear-leaders; Lingurari, manufacturers and dealers in wooden spoons, mouse-traps, etc.; and Lafessi, masons, smiths, tinkers, etc. All the rest live a roving life, in caves like those in our picture, in kennels and under tents, from one year's end to another, gaining their scanty livelihood, like their forefathers, as best they can, fearing and detesting nothing so much as a fixed and continuous occupation, which would take them away from "their free mountains, their plains and woods, the sun, the stars, and the wind."

THE SUNKEN ROCK.

A TALE OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

By GEORGE CUPPLES,

Author of "The Green Hand."

I.

The Mediterranean Sea occupies that place in maritime life which it does in geography. Its associations are all of the earth and of worldly things: you enter and leave it as if by a gate, between those Pillars of Hercules, beyond which all were unknown waters to the ancients. It has none of that grave, mysterious earnestness which belongs to the great ocean, with its protracted solitudes, its nameless conflicts, its dangers unforeseen. To the present day, in truth, the open main and this miniature remain in strong contrast as two separate schools of experience: for from the sunny rock of Gibraltar to the black and roaring Euxine, the Mediterranean mariner is at best but a coaster or ferryman, a child of luck or superstition, an animal at once simple and cunning—voluptuous like the Italian and Spaniard, or savage like the Greek, the Moor, and the Turk: in short, to use the graphic idiom of a nautical wit, "your *mariner* is always next door to a marine." He still steers literally by the stars, without need of compass, quadrant, or chronometer, dodging from point to point, sheltering behind the capes and islands, scudding when a gale arises with scarce a rag of sail before it, or hauling it down altogether, and governed by a sort of dumb instinct as to the weather of a region where all is sudden and changeable as in a mountain lake. National character and ideas, all the time, continue here little more modified by sea-faring habits than if each race of men had staid at home. The Italian or Spaniard in a storm ceases his exertions, wrings his hands, and vows taper after taper to the Virgin for assistance; the Greek rows desperately for the land, and in case of a safe issue, cuts off his hair to holy Nicholas; while the Turk cuts away top-sail and top-gallant-sail from aloft, instead of furling them, and then commits himself with sullen resignation to his destiny.

During the last great European war, the Mediterranean, of old mingled with human blood, became the battle-field where civilized nations decided their final struggles; and there is this to be said for war at sea, that while it leaves behind no wounded, and arrays hostility in somewhat of a sublimer guise, it at the same time tramples down no harvest fields, breaks in upon no busy city, and leaves simple cottagers to sleep securely. It was then that Nelson chased the fleet of Villeneuve for months through the Atlantic in vain, to find him at length back near Trafalgar; and as the contest thickened toward the Mediterranean, it was reduced to the conditions of a drawn duel there, to leave the open ocean free for discovery and commerce, when Napoleon had no more ships to spare. But if Cæsar's legionaries, long ago, were taken by surprise to find their galleys left high and dry at ebb of tide—a trick of Neptune which they knew nothing about before—in this land-girt sea, on the other hand, your sailor fresh from true-blue water has always some new lessons to learn, and perhaps a few of his bluff, thorough-going maxims to give up. From the complicated arrangement of its many peninsulas, promontories, and islands, as well as the very nature of its bottom, the hydrography or ground navigation of the Mediterranean has been at all times precarious, and the accuracy of charts there still more important than elsewhere; so that "a wet-hand lead and a bright look-out" come here almost to exclude those other chief appliances of seamanship which are in requisition as soon as the pilot is dropped and the anchors stowed. The merchant vessels of Britain and her allies, on their way from port to port, were obliged to sail close together, under protection of their armed convoy, keeping the mid-channel, and following one another in the well-known paths like sheep; the trader more anxious to detect his foe, the man-of-war more eager for his prey or his antagonist, than to notice any object less remarkable; and as for the communication of experience between nations, or from local acquaintance, such information was probably as little in request as it was to be looked for. If by chance an unlucky Smyrnaman or a Levant brig, a rich Barcelona bark or a Leghorn hermaphrodite schooner, dropped off in some mysterious way out of the very middle of the convoy, it was attributed to the dark night, to some sly privateer, or to the gale acting upon an ill-formed craft. Even when a fine sloop of war or a frigate or two were lost, and supposed to have gone ashore, or to have foundered with all hands, the fatal spot proved to be one everybody had heard of, and no one mentioned: but they were used to it, and the affair was put down amongst the casualties.

Captain James Grove, of his Britannic Majesty's ship *Thetis*, was famous even amongst his sharp brother commanders as a keen cruiser, a daring "cutter-out," but at the same time a cool, prudent hand in carrying his purposes into execution, except that, rather than give in to a Frenchman of what size soever, he would see himself blown out of the water, or his enemy what the Jack Tars quaintly called "blowed." Added to which, he was a perfect gentleman, and of course a thorough sailor—Channel-bred, ocean-bred; in short, bred all over, by actual experience, while knowing the Mediterranean well. Grove was, in fact, one of those first-rate specimens of the British seaman that the time produced, with all his merits and all his defects, amongst which the present age might probably number the excess of that bull-dog tenacity, and that contempt of abstract views, wherein lay much of our naval success. Most of the cruising ships on the station were now being recalled, as at this period there was but little left for them to do; and the gleanings of the harvest were reserved for a few men of interest, chiefly young scions of aristocracy, to whom the field was new. Many a gallant spirit that had greeted these bright waters with a smile was going home to rust ashore on half-pay, or amidst the North Sea blasts, the long gales which blow fiercely round the Southern capes, or the wearisome vicissitudes of the tropics, to remember their Mediterranean days with a sigh. The *Thetis* had long had her copper washed by its short, sharp waves, so that she daily expected her orders home, and was lying quietly at anchor off the harbor of Malta, when, after the arrival of a new sloop of war from England, the admiral's flag-ship one evening signaled dispatches, along with the familiar telegraphic numbers by which Captain Grove's presence was required on board the seventy-four. The thought of home, perhaps more easily forgotten than elsewhere in these regions, with their continual excitement and their varying temperatures—one gliding almost insensibly into the other—began to realize itself as the captain's gig pulled swiftly toward the line-of-battle ship, hugely looming at her anchors, between the frigate and the broad blue offing of the Eastern sea; while the last red glimmer of the sun, dropping behind Malta, brought out its black mass of land from beyond, fringing its outline with crimson, which imperceptibly melted into the purple haze which floated above. The heavy yards of the ships looked whiter, and the buoy over the anchor of the seventy-four was dipping ahead of her in the first pulses of the land-wind from Sicily. The fire of the admiral's evening gun flashed from one of her ports as the boat lay under her gangway; then were heard the bells from the many churches and convents in the town of Valetta, beginning to jangle musically after its deep sound had boomed away to leeward; the large, clear evening star was out above the dim lights on shore; and the British ensign, with its deep blue field, and the flag of St. George, with its white ground and red cross, could be seen lazily half unfolding as they caught the breeze. Then England, with her sober aspect and less brilliant climate, returned as it were mildly, even on such rude hearts as were gathered along the fore-bulwarks of the frigate; for hardy tars might have been seen looking out toward the flag-ship in anxious speculation as to what was passing there, or clustering together to talk of wives, sweethearts, and friends, and how they might soon be able to spend their prize-money in a good, honest English way. All were, for the first time for two or three years, stirred up by what looked like an actual turning homeward, not a few swearing, with true nautical caprice, that for their part, "next to your flat-topped houses, your white walls, and your infernal blue sky, they hated your weather that's neither too warm nor too cold." When the captain's gig had again reached the ship, however, and in little more than an hour her capstan was manned to heave up anchor, her crew were too much accustomed to naval procedure to persist in their home speculations after a departure so sudden: and the forty-four was soon standing out under all sail to seaward, every one but the commander seemingly in complete ignorance as to her destination.

It was well past the end of summer, when the regular alternation of winds, so familiar to the seamen especially in that region of the Mediterranean, began to be affected by other influences; but for the first three or four days the *Thetis*, with her head turned northwestward, made good progress up the broad channel that intervenes between the Tunisian capes and the coast of Sicily, still receiving the strong southerly air each morning, the western zephyr in the afternoon, and the cool, fresh, northeastern night breezes from the distant shores of Italy, spent and weakened in their passage across the yet ampler waters of the Italian sea, with intervals of light calm, in which her sails would catch hot, fitful puffs, or transient squalls off the great African desert—memorials of the past sirocco. The frigate, however, was one distinguished for her sailing qualities, and she was already far up toward the wide reach between Sicily and Sardinia, as if bound for Naples, when she encountered a strong *greggalè*, or northeaster, which, after she had continued to beat up close-hauled against it for an hour or two, kept her during the next afternoon and night driving to leeward under her three reefed top-sails, and pitching on the short angry seas till morning, though happily too far from the land to be in any danger. When the gale broke and fell, as it did amidst the quick and struggling light of dawn, the *Thetis* shook the reefs out of her top-sails, altering her course a point or two nearer to its previous inclination; and inspiriting enough it was, certainly, to the sailor's heart in her officers of the watch, as the stately ship buffeted the waves in clouds of white spray from her weather bow, her long yards dotted with hardy seamen crowding in to descend the rigging, her tall broad sheets of canvas shaking into steadfastness before the force of the wind, and the female figure at her bows stretching its arm in antique grace over the turbulence below, as if the old sea-goddess from whom she took her name were once more seen controlling the froward monsters of the deep in all their Protean shapes—that brute strength of nature which yields ever to higher influences and to divine behests. While the sun lifted his glorious orb through the scattered mist to windward, brightening the high, wet sides of the frigate, and glittering along the range of quarter-deck guns as she rolled, the wind shifted gradually round in her favor, as the usual morning breeze resumed power, and the Mediterranean surges, though still agitated, soon rose beautifully blue again, the *Thetis* leaning over as she anew began to urge her former course toward the Italian Channel. The well-known azure peaks of a cape somewhere near Algiers had been purposely brought visible before, as a point of "departure;" but with unusual care, as if it was desired that the utmost nautical precision might guide her ensuing progress: and the curiosity of all on board was again excited as to the particular object of the cruise.

The first cold tints of daybreak next morning watch found the frigate still out of sight of land, although, by the rate of her progress during the last twenty-four hours, far off, indeed, from where the sun had last risen upon her. The brisk south-westerly breeze continued to sweep across to her larboard quarter, raising the expanse of water into lively little surges, whose heads were scarce crisped with foam, while they swelled up from purple hollows to glitter in the level radiance, with edges of emerald green; on the ship's other side the whole sea came out, from her very bends to the sky, in one shining semicircle, hemmed by a keener rim of light, beyond which the sun shot up his dazzling orb with a blaze of splendor unspeakable. The frigate was now, notwithstanding the breeze, under what is called easy sail; merely expanding her three broad top-sails, jib, and spanker, to its influence, her courses being hauled up in the brails, and the loftier sails furled on the yards: nor, as it brushed the whole wide surface into one rounded floor of sparkling and restless blue, was there any addition made to her spread of canvas; so that the *Thetis* moved but gently ahead, with every point in her hull and lofty gear sending back the rays of sunlight as they glanced upon her, like one weakened by the arrows of Apollo of old. Her decks, however, were newly washed down; and, as usual, before their drying up, the officers and men of the watch alone occupied their respective positions aft and forward; the former, visible here and there about the quarter-deck, looking aloft or seaward with variously modified airs of occupation, ready for the visit of their superiors; the latter clustered idly in the bows, gazing carelessly over the side, or walking backward and forward in the gangways. On this occasion, indeed, amongst that portion of the frigate's crew now on deck, a greater variety and excitement of feeling prevailed than was externally discernible through the usual repressed manner of British sailors, whose idea of manly indifference is so opposed to all *empressement* as to be sometimes ludicrous. The mixture of dissatisfaction and curiosity was chiefly brought out by off-hand remarks and quaintly speculative comments on the proceedings of those above them, with an originality which was far from displaying itself in the more restricted calculations of the quarter-deck.

"What are we a-losing this here good breeze for," said one; "an' in a couple of hours more it 'll no doubt be dead calm?"

"Ay, mate," said a fine black-bearded topman; "but what's the skipper *after?* that's the main p'int, ye know, Tom."

"Well, to my thinking now," answered another, "I shouldn't wonder if the captain's got naught to do with this here short canvas we're under; an' it's all owin' to cautious Carey yonder, the second luff, as is al'ays feared for white squalls of a mornin'. Why, what the blessed *can* we be arter but right up for Naples, Jack?"

"Phew!" said the topman again. "Catch slashing Jim Grove without a cue of his own, or the hooker under canvas *he* don't know about! I bet ye a week's grog, mates, he's got word o' some French merchantman, or mayhap a frigate, at sea hereabouts; an' afore long, take my word for it, ye'll see some'at smart. Why, bless ye! heels or broadside, the saucy *Thetis* 'll haye her; or if it comes to a cut-out, our skipper's not the man for to say hold on, ye know."

Every eye was here instinctively turned to the horizon again, one head and another stooping or stretching to see past the complicated hamper of the ship, through which the blue line of distance shone so clear, however, with its superincumbent space of air, that the least speck could not have escaped the experienced glance of the sailors; and all faces were finally raised for a moment aloft to where the look-out, on the foretop-gallant-yard, with his arms folded on the white spar, leaned contemplatively over it, like some spectator from a purer sphere; one saw his keen eyes gleam, and his head turn against the blue atmosphere to survey the semicircle behind, from which his voice would have fallen like no earthly call.

"What does *you* think o' the consarn, old Ship?" said Tom, addressing the elder of two stout, salt-looking old tars, who had been rolling to and fro along the gangway in separate conversation, while alternately leaving and approaching the group.

"As how, lad?" said the veteran, endeavoring not to appear too much softened by the complimentary appeal to his authority.

"Why," answered Tom, "here's Jack Brown an' a lot more will have it there's some'at more i' the wind than a trip to Naples this bout; 'cause why, ye see, jist by reason the craft's got a little less cloth airing nor or'nary. Now what d'ye make on it yerself, old Ship?"

"Well," replied the old sailor, turning one eye aloft, "it's hard to say, Tom, my lad; cruising canvas it be, ye know."

"In course," said Tom, glancing contemptuously at his companions—"in course: that's all."

"Any word of a Frenchman hereabouts?" asked several, eagerly.

"Lord love ye, mates," said Ben, "I don't fancy there's two French sticks together almost o' this side the Gut."

"So says I," interrupted Tom: "a blue lookout enough for more prizes!" And the eager attention of the circle gave way to a general expression of disappointment.

"You talks o' prizes, though, shipmates," resumed old Ben; "an' no wonder either, seein' a man tires o' ploughin' brine for nothing at all. But you young chaps don't think much o' them without a few hard knocks first, or a tough chase; whereas an ould hand like me, why, he's seen enough on that 'ere sort o' thing to turn sick of it. Now as for the war, mates, I'm in doubt we've seen the last shares it 'll bring us; 'cause why—there was overmany a-haulin' at it. The sooner we've peace, to my notions, the better."

"That's neither here nor there, though, old Ship," remarked a sailor.

"Why, mates," continued the old seaman, more significantly than ever, "what ud ye think if so be there was more prizes to be got hereabouts nor would buy the whole o' France twenty times over, an' that without never a shot fired nor more canvas set than we has just now; and what's more, without pickin' other folks' pockets? for, d'ye see, I'm blessed if it ha'n't gone to my heart at times for to chuck about them shiners as some poor French devil's lost, an' him doin' no harm to no one, besides bein' clapped in jail ashore, with mayhap a wife and babies at home, mind ye!"

"Why, for that matter," said the foretop-man, although somewhat undecidedly, "mayhap you takes your turn: it's all a toss up, old Ship."

"But what's that you say about prizes, Ben?" exclaimed the rest, pressing closer.

"Why," continued he, looking round him, and pointing to the glittering expanse of sun-lit waters, "what d'ye fancy this here Middytarranean, as we're afloat upon, *is?*"—a question to which the puzzled faces of his hearers naturally returned no other answer than to glance around at it again, and back to the speaker. "It's not like the reg'lar oshun, as they calls blue water, look ye, mates; 'cause why, I've sailed on it this four year come Christmas, an' never knowed the rights of the thing, till t'other week off Malta I chances for to overhaul a book that the captain's stoo'rd lends me one night, which it let me into the matter. D'ye see, in ould times the whole o' them coasts an' ileyands all round, they'd got as many kings an' empyrores as the whole world has nowadays; and as thick of towns, steeples, an' natives as Lunnun's self, with more fleets nor they knowed what to do with in sich narrow waters. What's more, they didn't know how to handle 'em; and as soon as a bit of a breeze or a white squall gets up, down they went; besides fightin' like so many cats whenever they'd meet. So in course, mates, in them days there was nothin' but wracks an' ill-luck went on; but bein' as rich as Jews, they didn't mind, an' they builds more; though through time the craft got smaller and poor, like what ye sees now. Now if ye just could see under this here sea, or dry up the water, why, mates, it ud be nothin' more but a reg'lar sprinkle o' gould cups an' coins, jowels an' di'monds, an' what not. Now here is we right in the track for ould Room, where them auncient fleets used for to steer along shore, an' what I axes is—d'ye think Captain Grove's the man to waste wind, time, an' trouble for nothin'?" Here the grizzly-haired old tar squirted his tobacco juice into the scuppers, and looked round in triumph. "Hows'ever, mates," continued he, "all this an't neither here nor there; for I tell ye what, Ben Bryce, an't the lubber for to guess i' the dark that fashion: I knows some'at to clinch the matter pretty sartain."

"Ay, ay, old Ship!" eagerly exclaimed the crowd of seamen, at the pitch of interest, and turning their ears to listen more intently, while every eye was fixed sideways on the talkative veteran. "What's that, Ben?"

"Here's the p'int, lads," said he; "you want to know how ye're to get at them treasures below water. Why, it's easier nor you think: all you've got to do's just to heave to and use the lead—the steadier we keeps the better. But in course there's *one* more thing ye need, an' that's how to man-handle them said treasures when ye know where they are. Now what d'ye think we've got aboard this very hooker, down in the main-hold there?"

"Blowed if I knows!" exclaimed one and another, opening his eyes.

"Well, mates," said Ben, "d'ye mind the night afore we left Malta we h'isted aboard a big lump of a consarn, all wrapped up in tarpaulins?"

"Ay, ay, bo," rejoined several; "few ud forget it as had a hand in the haulin' of it up."

"Well, blessed if I'd the least notion what it were, till next night Mr. White the bo'sun let me into the nater on it, 'sides some'at of its make; an' I'm blessed, shipmates, but it's neither more nor less than what they calls a divin'-bell!"

"*What?*—how's that? Divin'-*bell*, old Ship!" were the exclamations of his audience. "What craft's that, Ben?—eh, old Salt!"

"Why," replied he, with an air of superior intelligence, "it's a rum consarn altogether, no doubt—bigger nor a battle-ship's poop lantern: more like the top taken off a small light-house. You h'ists it out with a tackle from the main-yard-arm, and lets sink alongside right to the bottom, with two or three hands inside of it—pumps in air a one side, and up comes their breath out on the other; and there they stays, grabbing at what's below, and overhauling the whole blessed bottom, till such time as they gives the signal to haul up. So ye see, mates, when I talks o' prizes to be got under water, I'm not so far out after all."

On the quarter-deck the curiosity had been naturally heightened by the orders left at the end of the middle watch, and which confirmed the supposition of the *Thetis* having been dispatched on some particular service. The second lieutenant, who was in charge, leaned with his arms on the capstan, and one hand on the telescope, with which he had again and again surveyed the distant horizon on every side.

"Nothing in sight yet, at any rate, Neville," said he now to his next in rank, a lively young man in undress uniform, who had left his berth below earlier than necessary, from mere interest in the matter; "and little likelihood of anything on this track, I'm afraid."

"Can it be only some of Sergeant Slyturn's affairs, after all, Carey?" suggested the other, using a backname for the first lieutenant which was occasional in the gun-room, and familiar in the midshipman's mess—"one of those scientific trips he talks about, eh?"

"Why, no," said the officer of the watch; "*that* can't well be, since, anxious as he evidently seems, I believe Mr. Sleighton knows little more of the affair than any of us; in fact, I have a notion the captain has held it so close just to keep the first lieutenant as long as possible out of it, which makes me think it must be some navigation concern certainly, so hanged inquisitive as he is, and always wanting to stick his finger in every pie of the kind!"

"Yes, of the *kind*," said Neville, laughing; "though not, perhaps, if it happened to be some piece of hot boat-work off Toulon. By-the-bye, our reefers have a good joke about him they got from their friends in the *Majestic*, where he was before—"

"Hush! here he comes himself," said the second lieutenant, in a low tone, and next moment the gold-banded cap of the first lieutenant appeared above the combings of the after-hatchway. The sunlight sparkled on the epaulet of his left shoulder as he came up the companion ladder, gazing aloft while he did so, and round the horizon when he had reached the deck. He was a slender young man, younger looking, in fact, than either of his two subordinates; and instead of presenting any ground in his first appearance for the sort of dislike with which he was regarded by his fellow-officers, his features were finely intellectual, though delicate for a sailor's, and an indistinct smile was always playing about his sharp upper lip, that was apt to curl into a kind of sneer when he spoke, at least to his shipmates. The truth was, Mr. Sleighton's father happened to have been in business; and he owed his presence and position in the navy to two things—his having an uncle a member of Parliament, who could be inconvenient, if he chose, to the ministry, and his own acuteness and knowledge in all matters, especially theoretical, connected with his profession, derived from good preparatory education at school. This of itself, added to the fact of his having been pushed over their heads, would have tended to produce a misunderstanding between the other officers and him; but Sleighton unfortunately had as little the frank, straightforward, and high-minded spirit, which to most of his companions was a thing of blood, as he possessed their off-hand, gentlemanly bearing, or, for instance, the manly dashing figure and handsome browned face of either of the two lieutenants beneath him. With these deficiencies, he could scarcely have been expected wholly to conceal his consciousness of intellectual superiority; while the pettier vanity which made him, instead of standing upon this merit, talk of his "uncle, the member for So-and-so," and his "brother, the sergeant-at-law," not only exhibited the weak points of a new school of naval men, but brought out the worst feature of the old—its supercilious self-reliance. Above all, that characteristic which a sailor, from his peculiar habits, dislikes most heartily, is that of what he calls a "sea-lawyer," or one who, instead of ordering, obeying, or acting in his place, resorts to disputation and argument about the matter: and this chanced to be the tendency of the first lieutenant of the *Thetis;* while curiously enough, too, the sailors specially disliked him on the very ground that, in place of issuing peremptory commands like the rest, with perhaps an oath or two—in place of knocking them about, as they called it, and bringing a man "to the gratings when he deserved it"—it was his way, on the contrary, to speak them fair, to reason with them, and, when he could, to substitute milder punishments of an indirect kind for the cat. Still more fatal to his acceptation with the capricious mind of Jack was his sparing use of sea terms; so that, on the whole, Mr. Sleighton could not be said to have many friends on board.

"There is nothing visible yet, I think, Mr. Carey?" said the first lieutenant, as he approached, after having taken one long look through the glass.

"Not a speck in sight, Sir," replied the other, briefly, and touching his cap, while both he and his companion quietly observed the ill-concealed air of dissatisfaction and restlessness which their superior attempted to cover by appearing quite at ease as well as secretly intelligent.

"Ah, well!" said he, stooping to glance into the compass-boxes, "northeast-by-east—that is well, Mr. Carey—so! Half a point more east, my man, as nearly as you can. I see you've got both courses pulled up, Mr. Carey—quite correct, Sir!"

"Exactly as I had the orders, Sir," answered the second lieutenant.

"We are somewhere about longitude ten and a half," said the first lieutenant, as if to himself, "latitude thirty-eight and a half, say—off the Sardinian coast."

"Indeed, Sir?" inquired Carey, trying a random hit: "then we are pretty near the right quarter, I suppose?"

"Right quarter!" repeated the first lieutenant, with a sudden stare—"for what?"

"Why, for what you are expecting, Sir, you know," replied Carey, with the utmost outward respect, but exchanging looks with Neville on the other side. The lieutenant caught the expression; his keen eyes flashed as he turned away for a moment as if to examine the horizon; but the next instant he gave both the officers a cold, clear glance of indifference, the usual sneer playing about his mouth, as he said, formally, to the one in charge, "The captain will be on deck directly: you will see the men summoned to divisions, Sir."

"Ay, ay, Sir," replied Carey, walking a few steps forward, and calling out, "Boatswain's mates, pipe to divisions there!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FAIRY STORIES FROM DONEGAL.

THE CROOK LADDER.

SEVERAL old crones were assembled in Grace McDonagh's kitchen, drinking her health and that of her new-born daughter, who had just been dressed, and was laid down to sleep at the foot of the bed. A tribe of brothers and sisters were packed into the large bed in the inner room; but poor Grace was as well pleased with the ugly, red-faced new-comer as if she had been her only child.

A kind mother, excellent wife, and obliging neighbor, Grace was very popular; so the good women in the wide chimney-corner drank her health very heartily, and wished Joseph McDonagh at the same time joy of the child and of his new situation, that of bailiff to Mr. Todd, of Buncrana Castle.

The house was built in an exposed spot, on the side of a hill that commanded a view of a large portion of the property to which McDonagh had just been made bailiff. Down below was the castle, nestling in gardens and plantations, and beyond it lay the old town of Buncrana, and the lough, bold mountains pale in the distance bounding the horizon. It was an extensive and beautiful landscape, but the McDonaghs had no idea that the situation was picturesque; they knew that it was cold and bleak, and exposed to every wintry storm that swept across Lough Swilly.

As Grace slept, and her attendants caroused by the fireside, a feeble little wail was heard. Mrs. Rooney got up and went over to the foot of the bed where she had laid the infant. What was her amazement to see two babies where she had placed but one! Two little puckered faces; two lilac print frocks; two white pinafores! There did not appear to be the slightest difference between them.

Mrs. Rooney's cry of terror and astonishment brought all the women round the bed, and awakened the poor weary mother. Exclamations of "Save us!" "Dear, but that beats all!" mingled with the feeble wailings of the two babes.

"What 'll we do, anyway? There's something bad an' uncanny here!" cried Mrs. Rooney. "Which o' these weans is the richt ane?"

"Gie them to me, an' hand me thon big knife off the dresser," said the mother. "I'll kiss them baith, and the one my heart warms to will be my ain child; as for the other one, I'll just settle it wi' the knife."

"Stand back, you women, there," commanded Mrs. Rooney, speaking authoritatively in her character of nurse. They obeyed, sitting down again beside the fire.

"Now gie them to me," said Grace, holding out her hands.

Mrs. Rooney handed her one of the infants. She kissed it, and laid it beside her on the pillow.

"My heart warmed to it, Molly Rooney dear; that's my ain child. Now gie me the wee rascal that's come to this house for no good end."

She took the second babe and stretched out her shaking hand for the knife, prepared to cut its throat; but at that very instant there was a noise heard overhead, and a small, beautifully dressed, and very pretty lady came down the wide chimney, using the chain of the crook as a ladder. She bounded over the fire, across the room, and stood beside the bed.

In one second she had snatched the child out of Grace's hands, and ran back to the fire-place, turning to shake it furiously at her, as she cried, "You'll rue the day you tried to hurt my child."

She sprang upon the hob, put her tiny dainty feet into the links of the chain one after another, mounted them as a staircase, and was out of sight like a whirlwind.

"Oh, my poor wean," sobbed the exhausted mother, sinking back upon her pillow, "she'll hae you yet!"

"Na, na, Grace," said Mrs. Rooney, in soothing tones, "she'll no get your wean; but it 'ill tak you to watch it weel, an' never leave it its lane in the house unless you put the tongs across the cradle. But sure you ha' plenty o' childer to watch it."

Joseph McDonagh was spending the night in a neighbor's cabin, and the women were really afraid to venture out-of-doors to call him; besides, what good could he have done had he been there? They sat on, telling quaint and strange stories about the wee folk, some of which had been told cording to the old Swiss historian Stumpf, 14,000, arrived during this same year at Basle.

In August of 1427 a band of gypsies made their appearance before Paris, which they were not, however, allowed to enter, but were lodged at La Chapelle, Saint Denis. Other hordes succeeded these in the following years, spreading in rapid succession all over Spain, England, Russia, Scandinavia, and indeed over the remotest parts of Russia. The account which the gypsies most frequently gave of themselves was that they originally came from "Little Egypt," that the King of Hungary had compelled about 4000 of them to be baptized, had slain the remainder, and compelled the first to seven years' wandering. Another version of their story was that the Saracens had gone to war with them in Egypt, had subdued them, and forced them to renounce Christianity; that after some years they had been reconquered by the Christians, and that the Pope, Martin V., had laid upon them, as a penance for their renunciation of the true faith, a life of wandering for the space of seven years, during which time they were not to sleep in a bed. At the end of this period they would be sent to a fine and fertile land. Yet another account was that they were commanded by God to roam about the world for that period in expiation for their want of hospitality toward Joseph and Mary—a notion which has, curiously enough, been revived in our own day by Roberts, with this difference only, that he proves them, from the prophesies of Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel, to be the descendants of the ancient Egyptians, and their wanderings to be the predicted punishment of the various iniquities of their forefathers.

At first the gypsies were well received in the countries where they made their appearance. The romance with which they surrounded themselves, their pretended state of penitence, above all, the wealth and pomp they displayed, were sufficient to secure the good-will of the inhabitants of the countries through which they passed. In one instance letters of safe-conduct were given them by the Emperor Sigismund, of the genuineness of which there is no doubt. Soon, however, the tide began to turn. In a little time their resources were exhausted. They were treated everywhere with contumely, and despised, chiefly on account of the degrading arts of chiromancy, magic, and thieving to which they resorted for support. With the reckless brutality of the Middle Ages, edict after edict was hurled against these "diviners and wicked heathens." The governments of Europe vied with each other in banishing, outlawing, and slaying them whenever and wherever they could be found, and in most severely punishing those that dared to shelter them, chiefly "because of their traffic with the devil." These edicts remained in force in many countries down to the eighteenth century, and Frederick the Great renewed the law that every gypsy beyond the age of eighteen found in his dominions should be hanged forthwith. In England the most barbarous decrees were issued against them by Henry VIII. and Elizabeth. In Scotland, where, under James V., a certain Johnny Faa had been officially recognized by the crown as lord and count of Little Egypt, some of the severest edicts were promulgated, and in 1624 Helen Faa, a descendant of Johnny, with fifteen other women of the same royal stock, were condemned to be drowned.

Toward the latter half of the last century, however, more humane measures were adopted toward the gypsies, with a view to the improvement of their social and moral condition. Maria Theresa issued ordinances for the education of their children, and their gradual settlement as cultivators of the soil, chiefly in Hungary and Transylvania, where they swarmed in large numbers. Special streets were built for them at the ends of the villages, and the names of Uj-Magyar, Uj-Parasztok (New Peasants), were officially bestowed upon them. Joseph II. renewed these edicts in 1782, with certain modifications. Various other methods of amalgamating them with the general population were tried elsewhere. A society was formed for that purpose in 1832 at Southampton, England, by the Rev. Mr. Crabb, but with comparatively little effect. The gypsies have continued, with but few exceptions, their peculiar nomad life, with all its questionable resources and practices, up to this day. Even gypsy children brought up far from their tribe, in Christian households, seem to preserve their wandering instincts. As if driven by some mysterious and uncontrollable impulse, they will run away from their civilized homes as soon as a good opportunity presents itself.

The gypsy tribes are utterly unacquainted with science or literature. The scanty knowledge of their forefathers remains with them unimproved. A few of those in Spain, however, pretend to a knowledge of medicine and surgery, and the females in the neighborhood of Calcutta visit that and other towns, and prescribe for the complaints of their own sex. They have no settled principles of religion; they are Turks among the Turks, and Christians among the Christians. It does not appear that they celebrate any religious rites, or entertain the common sentiments of mankind in regard to a future life or places of reward and punishment. The son of a more civilized Transylvanian gypsy having died at school, and being about to receive Christian burial, the officiating priest inquired whether the survivors believed that he would rise again at the last day. "Strange superstition!" they answered, "to conceive that a carcass, a lifeless corpse, should be re-animated and rise again. It is no more likely to happen, in our opinion, than to the horse we flayed a few days ago." Their children, however, are circumcised in Turkey, and baptized in Europe.

Gypsy marriages, which take place at a very early age, are devoid of ceremony, and rather resemble temporary connections than a union for life. One of their number performs the part of priest, and thus gives the act the sanction of publicity. The youth then forsakes his father, takes possession of his wife, and, if capable of mechanical exercise, provides a pair of tongs, a stone for an anvil, a hammer, and commences the profession of a smith after the fashion of his predecessors. In India a scene of riot and intoxication precedes the establishment of the parties, and certain mystical ceremonies attend the marriage. The men are extremely jealous of their wives, who are kept in strict subservience, and are in danger of corporal punishment or absolute dismissal if they happen to displease their husbands. Both sexes are extravagantly attached to their offspring, and in some countries it frequently happens that the readiest method of obtaining payment of the father's debts is by arresting his offspring. No education is given to the young, unless it be in the act of stealing dexterously. Infants of five or six months' old are given spirits in India, and their mothers, while indulging a fatal propensity for the same beverages, suckle them until they have seen as many years. In Europe these people are remarkably healthy, and escape those epidemics which sweep away thousands around them. Even when afflicted with dangerous diseases they persistently refuse medical treatment. They make loud protestations at funerals, and carry the body of the leader of their horde to the grave with great respect and attention.

The language of the gypsies, though it has necessarily undergone many changes from their successive migrations and the corruptions unavoidable from living among different peoples, is peculiar to themselves in Europe; but it contains many affinities with a dialect of peculiar castes in Hindostan. This fact receives the stronger confirmation from having been first recognized by some young men, natives of the coast of Malabar, who were prosecuting their studies at Leyden. Numerous expressions were compared by them, and the investigation has since been carried to a greater extent by literary men residing in India. Etymologies are in general to be distrusted, for they frequently lead to the most ludicrous and absurd mistakes; but it is impossible to deny that the affinities of languages spoken by people far separated may be found so strong and decided that it is difficult to believe that they have not a common origin. On this subject Grellman remarks: "With respect to the construction and inflection of the two languages, they are evidently the same: that of Hindostan has only two genders, the gypsy the same. In the former every word ending in j is feminine, all the rest are masculine; in the latter it is the same. The first makes the inflections entirely by the article; the gypsy language has the same peculiarity. Finally, with a few exceptions, there is an identical similarity in the pronouns." Many other instances of mutual correspondence might be adduced, all tending to a similar conclusion, as may be seen in the writings of authors who discuss the subject.

The gypsies of Europe acknowledge a chief, or leader, who usually assumes the dignified title of *wayvode*, prince, duke, count, or lord, according to the countries frequented by them. The most exalted of these titles was at one time given to the chief who presided over the gold-washers of Hungary. The dignity was elective, but with some regard to descent from a former wayvode, and also to the stature and apparel of the individual chosen, who was commonly about middle age. The ceremonies of installation were peculiar. The future head of the tribes was lifted up three times, with the loudest acclamations, amid a numerous concourse of the people; his wife was treated with similar honor, while the dignities of both were recognized by all present. The titles assumed by these people are of ancient date. They appear in the fifteenth century, and in the beginning of the sixteenth. King James IV. of Scotland granted a pass and recommendation to the King of Denmark in favor of the tribe of Anthony Gewino, an earl from Little Egypt. He specifies that this miserable train had visited Scotland by command of the Pope, and having conducted themselves properly, they wished to go to Denmark. He therefore solicited the extension of his royal uncle's munificence toward them, adding, at the same time, that these wandering Egyptians must be better known to him, because the kingdom of Denmark was nearer to that of Egypt. In Hindostan the gypsies have a chief who has very little direct authority over them, but he controls the establishment of sets or parties who give dramatic entertainments, from the profits of which he draws a tribute. They also acknowledge a rude judicial procedure before a court of five persons, or a general assembly, and any individual for a petty offense has to pass the ordeal of having a hot iron applied to his tongue. If conviction follows, the culprit is generally sentenced to pay a fine in liquor, in which his judges participate, or, as a mark of the highest ignominy, he may be condemned to have his nose rubbed on the ground.

Almost in every country throughout the globe the gypsies have long been objects of reproach and detestation. From their first appearance they have been wandering outcasts, refused permission to settle in towns, or even in their immediate vicinity. The dislike manifested toward them, though attended with less barbarism, may be likened to the detestation which has followed the Jews since the destruction of Jerusalem. Those atrocious crimes, however, which stain the history of most nations have no parallel among gypsy annals. If their iniquities are numerous, they are of a petty description, directed against the property more than the persons of their fellow-creatures. The gypsies have nowhere manifested virtuous principles, or a desire to improve or compete with more settled nations. The depravity of parents passes to the children, who inherit along with it the detestation of the people among whom they seek an abode. In many countries certain efforts have been made to reclaim them, but for the most part they have been indiscriminately condemned to exile. This, however, may result from the fact that such efforts as have been made, whether by governments or private associations, have not met with the success they merited.

The increase of population and the growth of culture all over Europe are the worst enemies with which the gypsies have had to contend. Their forests are cut down, their heaths inclosed; houses are pushed right into their commons, and the credulity which made it easy for them to earn a living by their magic arts is waning more and more. It is doubtful, indeed, whether they will, as a separate race, survive many centuries more in Europe. Their numbers at this moment are stated so very differently that it is impossible to know how many still exist. Altogether—including those in Turkey, Asia, and Africa—they are supposed to number about five millions. A small portion only of these occupies as a body fixed habitations in Hungary and Transylvania, where they are employed as farmers and gold-washers. In the Principalities they live in a kind of serfdom, and are divided into four classes—Rudari, or Aurari, gold-seekers; Ursari, bear-leaders; Lingurari, manufacturers and dealers in wooden spoons, mouse-traps, etc.; and Lafessi, masons, smiths, tinkers, etc. All the rest live a roving life, in caves like those in our picture, in kennels and under tents, from one year's end to another, gaining their scanty livelihood, like their forefathers, as best they can, fearing and detesting nothing so much as a fixed and continuous occupation, which would take them away from "their free mountains, their plains and woods, the sun, the stars, and the wind."

THE SUNKEN ROCK.

A TALE OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

By GEORGE CUPPLES,

Author of "The Green Hand."

I.

The Mediterranean Sea occupies that place in maritime life which it does in geography. Its associations are all of the earth and of worldly things: you enter and leave it as if by a gate, between those Pillars of Hercules, beyond which all were unknown waters to the ancients. It has none of that grave, mysterious earnestness which belongs to the great ocean, with its protracted solitudes, its nameless conflicts, its dangers unforeseen. To the present day, in truth, the open main and this miniature remain in strong contrast as two separate schools of experience: for from the sunny rock of Gibraltar to the black and roaring Euxine, the Mediterranean mariner is at best but a coaster or ferryman, a child of luck or superstition, an animal at once simple and cunning—voluptuous like the Italian and Spaniard, or savage like the Greek, the Moor, and the Turk: in short, to use the graphic idiom of a nautical wit, "your *mariner* is always next door to a marine." He still steers literally by the stars, without need of compass, quadrant, or chronometer, dodging from point to point, sheltering behind the capes and islands, scudding when a gale arises with scarce a rag of sail before it, or hauling it down altogether, and governed by a sort of dumb instinct as to the weather of a region where all is sudden and changeable as in a mountain lake. National character and ideas, all the time, continue here little more modified by sea-faring habits than if each race of men had staid at home. The Italian or Spaniard in a storm ceases his exertions, wrings his hands, and vows taper after taper to the Virgin for assistance; the Greek rows desperately for the land, and in case of a safe issue, cuts off his hair to holy Nicholas; while the Turk cuts away top-sail and top-gallant-sail from aloft, instead of furling them, and then commits himself with sullen resignation to his destiny.

During the last great European war, the Mediterranean, of old mingled with human blood, became the battle-field where civilized nations decided their final struggles; and there is this to be said for war at sea, that while it leaves behind no wounded, and arrays hostility in somewhat of a sublimer guise, it at the same time tramples down no harvest fields, breaks in upon no busy city, and leaves simple cottagers to sleep securely. It was then that Nelson chased the fleet of Villeneuve for months through the Atlantic in vain, to find him at length back near Trafalgar; and as the contest thickened toward the Mediterranean, it was reduced to the conditions of a drawn duel there, to leave the open ocean free for discovery and commerce, when Napoleon had no more ships to spare. But if Cæsar's legionaries, long ago, were taken by surprise to find their galleys left high and dry at ebb of tide—a trick of Neptune which they knew nothing about before—in this land-girt sea, on the other hand, your sailor fresh from true-blue water has always some new lessons to learn, and perhaps a few of his bluff, thorough-going maxims to give up. From the complicated arrangement of its many peninsulas, promontories, and islands, as well as the very nature of its bottom, the hydrography or ground navigation of the Mediterranean has been at all times precarious, and the accuracy of charts there still more important than elsewhere; so that "a wet-hand lead and a bright look-out" come here almost to exclude those other chief appliances of seamanship which are in requisition as soon as the pilot is dropped and the anchors stowed. The merchant vessels of Britain and her allies, on their way from port to port, were obliged to sail close together, under protection of their armed convoy, keeping the mid-channel, and following one another in the well-known paths like sheep; the trader more anxious to detect his foe, the man-of-war more eager for his prey or his antagonist, than to notice any object less remarkable; and as for the communication of experience between nations, or from local acquaintance, such information was probably as little in request as it was to be looked for. If by chance an unlucky Smyrnaman or a Levant brig, a rich Barcelona bark or a Leghorn hermaphrodite schooner, dropped off in some mysterious way out of the very middle of the convoy, it was attributed to the dark night, to some sly privateer, or to the gale acting upon an ill-formed craft. Even when a fine sloop of war or a frigate or two were lost, and supposed to have gone ashore, or to have foundered with all hands, the fatal spot proved to be one everybody had heard of, and no one mentioned: but they were used to it, and the affair was put down amongst the casualties.

Captain James Grove, of his Britannic Majesty's ship *Thetis*, was famous even amongst his sharp brother commanders as a keen cruiser, a daring "cutter-out," but at the same time a cool, prudent hand in carrying his purposes into execution, except that, rather than give in to a Frenchman of what size soever, he would see himself blown out of the water, or his enemy what the Jack Tars quaintly called "blowed." Added to which, he was a perfect gentleman, and of course a thorough sailor—Channel-bred, ocean-bred; in short, bred all over, by actual experience, while knowing the Mediterranean well. Grove was, in fact, one of those first-rate specimens of the British seaman that the time produced, with all his merits and all his defects, amongst which the present age might probably number the excess of that bull-dog tenacity, and that contempt of abstract views, wherein lay much of our naval success. Most of the cruising ships on the station were now being recalled, as at this period there was but little left for them to do; and the gleanings of the harvest were reserved for a few men of interest, chiefly young scions of aristocracy, to whom the field was new. Many a gallant spirit that had greeted these bright waters with a smile was going home to rust ashore on half-pay, or amidst the North Sea blasts, the long gales which blow fiercely round the Southern capes, or the wearisome vicissitudes of the tropics, to remember their Mediterranean days with a sigh. The *Thetis* had long had her copper washed by its short, sharp waves, so that she daily expected her orders home, and was lying quietly at anchor off the harbor of Malta, when, after the arrival of a new sloop of war from England, the admiral's flag-ship one evening signaled dispatches, along with the familiar telegraphic numbers by which Captain Grove's presence was required on board the seventy-four. The thought of home, perhaps more easily forgotten than elsewhere in these regions, with their continual excitement and their varying temperatures—one gliding almost insensibly into the other—began to realize itself as the captain's gig pulled swiftly toward the line-of-battle ship, hugely looming at her anchors, between the frigate and the broad blue offing of the Eastern sea; while the last red glimmer of the sun, dropping behind Malta, brought out its black mass of land from beyond, fringing its outline with crimson, which imperceptibly melted into the purple haze which floated above. The heavy yards of the ships looked whiter, and the buoy over the anchor of the seventy-four was dipping ahead of her in the first pulses of the land-wind from Sicily. The fire of the admiral's evening gun flashed from one of her ports as the boat lay under her gangway; then were heard the bells from the many churches and convents in the town of Valetta, beginning to jangle musically after its deep sound had boomed away to leeward; the large, clear evening star was out above the dim lights on shore; and the British ensign, with its deep blue field, and the flag of St. George, with its white ground and red cross, could be seen lazily half unfolding as they caught the breeze. Then England, with her sober aspect and less brilliant climate, returned as it were mildly, even on such rude hearts as were gathered along the fore-bulwarks of the frigate; for hardy tars might have been seen looking out toward the flag-ship in anxious speculation as to what was passing there, or clustering together to talk of wives, sweethearts, and friends, and how they might soon be able to spend their prize-money in a good, honest English way. All were, for the first time for two or three years, stirred up by what looked like an actual turning homeward, not a few swearing, with true nautical caprice, that for their part, "next to your flat-topped houses, your white walls, and your infernal blue sky, they hated your weather that's neither too warm nor too cold." When the captain's gig had again reached the ship, however, and in little more than an hour her capstan was manned to heave up anchor, her crew were too much accustomed to naval procedure to persist in their home speculations after a departure so sudden: and the forty-four was soon standing out under all sail to seaward, every one but the commander seemingly in complete ignorance as to her destination.

It was well past the end of summer, when the regular alternation of winds, so familiar to the seamen especially in that region of the Mediterranean, began to be affected by other influences; but for the first three or four days the *Thetis*, with her head turned northwestward, made good progress up the broad channel that intervenes between the Tunisian capes and the coast of Sicily, still receiving the strong southerly air each morning, the western zephyr in the afternoon, and the cool, fresh, northeastern night breezes from the distant shores of Italy, spent and weakened in their passage across the yet ampler waters of the Italian sea, with intervals of light calm, in which her sails would catch hot, fitful puffs, or transient squalls off the great African desert—memorials of the past sirocco. The frigate, however, was one distinguished for her sailing qualities, and she was already far up toward the wide reach between Sicily and Sardinia, as if bound for Naples, when she encountered a strong *greggalè*, or northeaster, which, after she had continued to beat up close-hauled against it for an hour or two, kept her during the next afternoon and night driving to leeward under her three reefed top-sails, and pitching on the short angry seas till morning, though happily too far from the land to be in any danger. When the gale broke and fell, as it did amidst the quick and struggling light of dawn, the *Thetis* shook the reefs out of her top-sails, altering her course a point or two nearer to its previous inclination; and inspiriting enough it was, certainly, to the sailor's heart in her officers of the watch, as the stately ship buffeted the waves in clouds of white spray from her weather bow, her long yards dotted with hardy seamen crowding in to descend the rigging, her tall broad sheets of canvas shaking into steadfastness before the force of the wind, and the female figure at her bows stretching its arm in antique grace over the turbulence below, as if the old sea-goddess from whom she took her name were once more seen controlling the froward monsters of the deep in all their Protean shapes—that brute strength of nature which yields ever to higher influences and to divine behests. While the sun lifted his glorious orb through the scattered mist to windward, brightening the high, wet sides of the frigate, and glittering along the range of quarter-deck guns as she rolled, the wind shifted gradually round in her favor, as the usual morning breeze resumed power, and the Mediterranean surges, though still agitated, soon rose beautifully blue again, the *Thetis* leaning over as she anew began to urge her former course toward the Italian Channel. The well-known azure peaks of a cape somewhere near Algiers had been purposely brought visible before, as a point of "departure;" but with unusual care, as if it was desired that the utmost nautical precision might guide her ensuing progress: and the curiosity of all on board was again excited as to the particular object of the cruise.

The first cold tints of daybreak next morning watch found the frigate still out of sight of land, although, by the rate of her progress during the last twenty-four hours, far off, indeed, from where the sun had last risen upon her. The brisk south-westerly breeze continued to sweep across to her larboard quarter, raising the expanse of water into lively little surges, whose heads were scarce crisped with foam, while they swelled up from purple hollows to glitter in the level radiance, with edges of emerald green; on the ship's other side the whole sea came out, from her very bends to the sky, in one shining semicircle, hemmed by a keener rim of light, beyond which the sun shot up his dazzling orb with a blaze of splendor unspeakable. The frigate was now, notwithstanding the breeze, under what is called easy sail; merely expanding her three broad top-sails, jib, and spanker, to its influence, her courses being hauled up in the brails, and the loftier sails furled on the yards: nor, as it brushed the whole wide surface into one rounded floor of sparkling and restless blue, was there any addition made to her spread of canvas; so that the *Thetis* moved but gently ahead, with every point in her hull and lofty gear sending back the rays of sunlight as they glanced upon her, like one weakened by the arrows of Apollo of old. Her decks, however, were newly washed down; and, as usual, before their drying up, the officers and men of the watch alone occupied their respective positions aft and forward; the former, visible here and there about the quarter-deck, looking aloft or seaward with variously modified airs of occupation, ready for the visit of their superiors; the latter clustered idly in the bows, gazing carelessly over the side, or walking backward and forward in the gangways. On this occasion, indeed, amongst that portion of the frigate's crew now on deck, a greater variety and excitement of feeling prevailed than was externally discernible through the usual repressed manner of British sailors, whose idea of manly indifference is so opposed to all *empressement* as to be sometimes ludicrous. The mixture of dissatisfaction and curiosity was chiefly brought out by off-hand remarks and quaintly speculative comments on the proceedings of those above them, with an originality which was far from displaying itself in the more restricted calculations of the quarter-deck.

"What are we a-losing this here good breeze for," said one; "an' in a couple of hours more it 'll no doubt be dead calm?"

"Ay, mate," said a fine black-bearded topman; "but what's the skipper *after?* that's the main p'int, ye know, Tom."

"Well, to my thinking now," answered another, "I shouldn't wonder if the captain's got naught to do with this here short canvas we're under; an' it's all owin' to cautious Carey yonder, the second luff, as is al'ays feared for white squalls of a mornin'. Why, what the blessed *can* we be arter but right up for Naples, Jack?"

"Phew!" said the topman again. "Catch slashing Jim Grove without a cue of his own, or the hooker under canvas *he* don't know about! I bet ye a week's grog, mates, he's got word o' some French merchantman, or mayhap a frigate, at sea hereabouts; an' afore long, take my word for it, ye'll see some'at smart. Why, bless ye! heels or broadside, the saucy *Thetis* 'll haye her; or if it comes to a cut-out, our skipper's not the man for to say hold on, ye know."

Every eye was here instinctively turned to the horizon again, one head and another stooping or stretching to see past the complicated hamper of the ship, through which the blue line of distance shone so clear, however, with its superincumbent space of air, that the least speck could not have escaped the experienced glance of the sailors; and all faces were finally raised for a moment aloft to where the look-out, on the foretop-gallant-yard, with his arms folded on the white spar, leaned contemplatively over it, like some spectator from a purer sphere; one saw his keen eyes gleam, and his head turn against the blue atmosphere to survey the semicircle behind, from which his voice would have fallen like no earthly call.

"What does *you* think o' the consarn, old Ship?" said Tom, addressing the elder of two stout, salt-looking old tars, who had been rolling to and fro along the gangway in separate conversation, while alternately leaving and approaching the group.

"As how, lad?" said the veteran, endeavoring not to appear too much softened by the complimentary appeal to his authority.

"Why," answered Tom, "here's Jack Brown an' a lot more will have it there's some'at more i' the wind than a trip to Naples this bout; 'cause why, ye see, jist by reason the craft's got a little less cloth airing nor or'nary. Now what d'ye make on it yerself, old Ship?"

"Well," replied the old sailor, turning one eye aloft, "it's hard to say, Tom, my lad; cruising canvas it be, ye know."

"In course," said Tom, glancing contemptuously at his companions—"in course: that's all."

"Any word of a Frenchman hereabouts?" asked several, eagerly.

"Lord love ye, mates," said Ben, "I don't fancy there's two French sticks together almost o' this side the Gut."

"So says I," interrupted Tom: "a blue look-out enough for more prizes!" And the eager attention of the circle gave way to a general expression of disappointment.

"You talks o' prizes, though, shipmates," resumed old Ben; "an' no wonder either, seein' a man tires o' ploughin' brine for nothing at all. But you young chaps don't think much o' them without a few hard knocks first, or a tough chase; whereas an ould hand like me, why, he's seen enough on that 'ere sort o' thing to turn sick of it. Now as for the war, mates, I'm in doubt we've seen the last shares it 'll bring us; 'cause why—there was overmany a-haulin' at it. The sooner we've peace, to my notions, the better."

"That's neither here nor there, though, old Ship," remarked a sailor.

"Why, mates," continued the old seaman, more significantly than ever, "what ud ye think if so be there was more prizes to be got hereabouts nor would buy the whole o' France twenty times over, an' that without never a shot fired nor more canvas set than we has just now; and what's more, without pickin' other folks' pockets? for, d'ye see, I'm blessed if it ha'n't gone to my heart at times for to chuck about them shiners as some poor French devil's lost, an' him doin' no harm to no one, besides bein' clapped in jail ashore, with mayhap a wife and babies at home, mind ye!"

"Why, for that matter," said the foretop-man, although somewhat undecidedly, "mayhap you takes your turn: it's all a toss up, old Ship."

"But what's that you say about prizes, Ben?" exclaimed the rest, pressing closer.

"Why," continued he, looking round him, and pointing to the glittering expanse of sun-lit waters, "what d'ye fancy this here Middytarranean, as we're afloat upon, *is?*"—a question to which the puzzled faces of his hearers naturally returned no other answer than to glance around at it again, and back to the speaker. "It's not like the reg'lar oshun, as they calls blue water, look ye, mates; 'cause why, I've sailed on it this four year come Christmas, an' never knowed the rights of the thing, till t'other week off Malta I chances for to overhaul a book that the captain's stoo'rd lends me one night, which it let me into the matter. D'ye see, in ould times the whole o' them coasts an' ileyands all round, they'd got as many kings an' empyrores as the whole world has nowadays; and as thick of towns, steeples, an' natives as Lunnun's self, with more fleets nor they knowed what to do with in sich narrow waters. What's more, they didn't know how to handle 'em; and as soon as a bit of a breeze or a white squall gets up, down they went; besides fightin' like so many cats whenever they'd meet. So in course, mates, in them days there was nothin' but wracks an'-ill-luck went on; but bein' as rich as Jews, they didn't mind, an' they builds more; though through time the craft got smaller and poor, like what ye sees now. Now if ye just could see under this here sea, or dry up the water, why, mates, it ud be nothin' more but a reg'lar sprinkle o' gould cups an' coins, jowels an' di'monds, an' what not. Now here is we right in the track for ould Room, where them auncient fleets used for to steer along shore, an' what I axes is—d'ye think Captain Grove's the man to waste wind, time, an' trouble for nothin'?" Here the grizzly-haired old tar squirted his tobacco juice into the scuppers, and looked round in triumph. "Hows'ever, mates," continued he, "all this an't neither here nor there; for I tell ye what, Ben Bryce, an't the lubber for to guess i' the dark that fashion: I knows some'at to clinch the matter pretty sartain."

"Ay, ay, old Ship!" eagerly exclaimed the crowd of seamen, at the pitch of interest, and turning their ears to listen more intently, while every eye was fixed sideways on the talkative veteran. "What's that, Ben?"

"Here's the p'int, lads," said he; "you want to know how ye're to get at them treasures below water. Why, it's easier nor you think: all you've got to do's just to heave to and use the lead—the steadier we keeps the better. But in course there's *one* more thing ye need, an' that's how to man-handle them said treasures when ye know where they are. Now what d'ye think we've got aboard this very hooker, down in the main-hold there?"

"Blowed if I knows!" exclaimed one and another, opening his eyes.

"Well, mates," said Ben, "d'ye mind the night afore we left Malta we h'isted aboard a big lump of a consarn, all wrapped up in tarpaulins?"

"Ay, ay, bo," rejoined several; "few ud forget it as had a hand in the haulin' of it up."

"Well, blessed if I'd the least notion what it were, till next night Mr. White the bo'sun let me into the nater on it, 'sides some'at of its make; an' I'm blessed, shipmates, but it's neither more nor less than what they calls a divin'-bell!"

"*What?*—how's that? Divin'-*bell*, old Ship!" were the exclamations of his audience. "What craft's that, Ben?—eh, old Salt!"

"Why," replied he, with an air of superior intelligence, "it's a rum consarn altogether, no doubt—bigger nor a battle-ship's poop lantern: more like the top taken off a small light-house. You h'ists it out with a tackle from the main-yard-arm, and lets sink alongside right to the bottom, with two or three hands inside of it—pumps in air a one side, and up comes their breath out on the other; and there they stays, grabbing at what's below, and overhauling the whole blessed bottom, till such time as they gives the signal to haul up. So ye see, mates, when I talks o' prizes to be got under water, I'm not so far out after all."

On the quarter-deck the curiosity had been naturally heightened by the orders left at the end of the middle watch, and which confirmed the supposition of the *Thetis* having been dispatched on some particular service. The second lieutenant, who was in charge, leaned with his arms on the capstan, and one hand on the telescope, with which he had again and again surveyed the distant horizon on every side.

"Nothing in sight yet, at any rate, Neville," said he now to his next in rank, a lively young man in undress uniform, who had left his berth below earlier than necessary, from mere interest in the matter; "and little likelihood of anything on this track, I'm afraid."

"Can it be only some of Sergeant Slyturn's affairs, after all, Carey?" suggested the other, using a backname for the first lieutenant which was occasional in the gun-room, and familiar in the midshipman's mess—"one of those scientific trips he talks about, eh?"

"Why, no," said the officer of the watch; "*that* can't well be, since, anxious as he evidently seems, I believe Mr. Sleighton knows little more of the affair than any of us; in fact, I have a notion the captain has held it so close just to keep the first lieutenant as long as possible out of it, which makes me think it must be some navigation concern certainly, so hanged inquisitive as he is, and always wanting to stick his finger in every pie of the kind!"

"Yes, of the *kind*," said Neville, laughing; "though not, perhaps, if it happened to be some piece of hot boat-work off Toulon. By-the-bye, our reefers have a good joke about him they got from their friends in the *Majestic*, where he was before—"

"Hush! here he comes himself," said the second lieutenant, in a low tone, and next moment the gold-banded cap of the first lieutenant appeared above the combings of the after-hatchway. The sunlight sparkled on the epaulet of his left shoulder as he came up the companion ladder, gazing aloft while he did so, and round the horizon when he had reached the deck. He was a slender young man, younger looking, in fact, than either of his two subordinates; and instead of presenting any ground in his first appearance for the sort of dislike with which he was regarded by his fellow-officers, his features were finely intellectual, though delicate for a sailor's, and an indistinct smile was always playing about his sharp upper lip, that was apt to curl into a kind of sneer when he spoke, at least to his shipmates. The truth was, Mr. Sleighton's father happened to have been in business; and he owed his presence and position in the navy to two things—his having an uncle a member of Parliament, who could be inconvenient, if he chose, to the ministry, and his own acuteness and knowledge in all matters, especially theoretical, connected with his profession, derived from good preparatory education at school. This of itself, added to the fact of his having been pushed over their heads, would have tended to produce a misunderstanding between the other officers and him; but Sleighton unfortunately had as little the frank, straightforward, and high-minded spirit, which to most of his companions was a thing of blood, as he possessed their off-hand, gentlemanly bearing, or, for instance, the manly dashing figure and handsome browned face of either of the two lieutenants beneath him. With these deficiencies, he could scarcely have been expected wholly to conceal his consciousness of intellectual superiority; while the pettier vanity which made him, instead of standing upon this merit, talk of his "uncle, the member for So-and-so," and his "brother, the sergeant-at-law," not only exhibited the weak points of a new school of naval men, but brought out the worst feature of the old—its supercilious self-reliance. Above all, that characteristic which a sailor, from his peculiar habits, dislikes most heartily, is that of what he calls a "sea-lawyer," or one who, instead of ordering, obeying, or acting in his place, resorts to disputation and argument about the matter: and this chanced to be the tendency of the first lieutenant of the *Thetis;* while curiously enough, too, the sailors specially disliked him on the very ground that, in place of issuing peremptory commands like the rest, with perhaps an oath or two—in place of knocking them about, as they called it, and bringing a man "to the gratings when he deserved it"—it was his way, on the contrary, to speak them fair, to reason with them, and, when he could, to substitute milder punishments of an indirect kind for the cat. Still more fatal to his acceptation with the capricious mind of Jack was his sparing use of sea terms; so that, on the whole, Mr. Sleighton could not be said to have many friends on board.

"There is nothing visible yet, I think, Mr. Carey?" said the first lieutenant, as he approached, after having taken one long look through the glass.

"Not a speck in sight, Sir," replied the other, briefly, and touching his cap, while both he and his companion quietly observed the ill-concealed air of dissatisfaction and restlessness which their superior attempted to cover by appearing quite at ease as well as secretly intelligent.

"Ah, well!" said he, stooping to glance into the compass-boxes, "northeast-by-east—that is well, Mr. Carey—so! Half a point more east, my man, as nearly as you can. I see you've got both courses pulled up, Mr. Carey—quite correct, Sir!"

"Exactly as I had the orders, Sir," answered the second lieutenant.

"We are somewhere about longitude ten and a half," said the first lieutenant, as if to himself, "latitude thirty-eight and a half, say—off the Sardinian coast."

"Indeed, Sir?" inquired Carey, trying a random hit: "then we are pretty near the right quarter, I suppose?"

"Right quarter!" repeated the first lieutenant, with a sudden stare—"for what?"

"Why, for what you are expecting, Sir, you know," replied Carey, with the utmost outward respect, but exchanging looks with Neville on the other side. The lieutenant caught the expression; his keen eyes flashed as he turned away for a moment as if to examine the horizon; but the next instant he gave both the officers a cold, clear glance of indifference, the usual sneer playing about his mouth, as he said, formally, to the one in charge, "The captain will be on deck directly: you will see the men summoned to divisions, Sir."

"Ay, ay, Sir," replied Carey, walking a few steps forward, and calling out, "Boatswain's mates, pipe to divisions there!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FAIRY STORIES FROM DONEGAL.

THE CROOK LADDER.

SEVERAL old crones were assembled in Grace McDonagh's kitchen, drinking her health and that of her new-born daughter, who had just been dressed, and was laid down to sleep at the foot of the bed. A tribe of brothers and sisters were packed into the large bed in the inner room; but poor Grace was as well pleased with the ugly, red-faced new-comer as if she had been her only child.

A kind mother, excellent wife, and obliging neighbor, Grace was very popular; so the good women in the wide chimney-corner drank her health very heartily, and wished Joseph McDonagh at the same time joy of the child and of his new situation, that of bailiff to Mr. Todd, of Buncrana Castle.

The house was built in an exposed spot, on the side of a hill that commanded a view of a large portion of the property to which McDonagh had just been made bailiff. Down below was the castle, nestling in gardens and plantations, and beyond it lay the old town of Buncrana, and the lough, bold mountains pale in the distance bounding the horizon. It was an extensive and beautiful landscape, but the McDonaghs had no idea that the situation was picturesque; they knew that it was cold and bleak, and exposed to every wintry storm that swept across Lough Swilly.

As Grace slept, and her attendants caroused by the fireside, a feeble little wail was heard. Mrs. Rooney got up and went over to the foot of the bed where she had laid the infant. What was her amazement to see two babies where she had placed but one! Two little puckered faces; two lilac print frocks; two white pinafores! There did not appear to be the slightest difference between them.

Mrs. Rooney's cry of terror and astonishment brought all the women round the bed, and awakened the poor weary mother. Exclamations of "Save us!" "Dear, but that beats all!" mingled with the feeble wailings of the two babes.

"What 'll we do, anyway? There's something bad an' uncanny here!" cried Mrs. Rooney. "Which o' these weans is the richt ane?"

"Gie them to me, an' hand me thon big knife off the dresser," said the mother. "I'll kiss them baith, and the one my heart warms to will be my ain child; as for the other one, I'll just settle it wi' the knife."

"Stand back, you women, there," commanded Mrs. Rooney, speaking authoritatively in her character of nurse. They obeyed, sitting down again beside the fire.

"Now gie them to me," said Grace, holding out her hands.

Mrs. Rooney handed her one of the infants. She kissed it, and laid it beside her on the pillow.

"My heart warmed to it, Molly Rooney dear; that's my ain child. Now gie me the wee rascal that's come to this house for no good end."

She took the second babe and stretched out her shaking hand for the knife, prepared to cut its throat; but at that very instant there was a noise heard overhead, and a small, beautifully dressed, and very pretty lady came down the wide chimney, using the chain of the crook as a ladder. She bounded over the fire, across the room, and stood beside the bed.

In one second she had snatched the child out of Grace's hands, and ran back to the fire-place, turning to shake it furiously at her, as she cried, "You'll rue the day you tried to hurt my child."

She sprang upon the hob, put her tiny dainty feet into the links of the chain one after another, mounted them as a staircase, and was out of sight like a whirlwind.

"Oh, my poor wean," sobbed the exhausted mother, sinking back upon her pillow, "she'll hae you yet!"

"Na, na, Grace," said Mrs. Rooney, in soothing tones, "she'll no get your wean; but it 'ill tak you to watch it weel, an' never leave it its lane in the house unless you put the tongs across the cradle. But sure you ha' plenty o' childer to watch it."

Joseph McDonagh was spending the night in a neighbor's cabin, and the women were really afraid to venture out-of-doors to call him; besides, what good could he have done had he been there? They sat on, telling quaint and strange stories about the wee folk, some of which had been told